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Geo Whitney  
~~Chas. H. Young~~  
President.

CAPITAL  
\$1,000,000.

A. TROWBRIDGE,  
Cashier.



INCORPORATED. 1792. REORGANIZED. 1865.

Boston Feby 10<sup>th</sup> 1883

Mr. Chas. H. Fitz.

Dear Sir,

At the Meeting of our Board of Directors held to day, Mr. Young spoke of your illness, & of your wife having called upon him in reference to it, & stating that your Doctor recommended a vacation of two or three months. Whereupon the following vote was passed - "Viz" Voted, That Mr. Fitz, the Bookkeeper, have leave of absence for a period, not exceeding three months on account of ill health - and his salary be continued.

I hope a period of rest & entire relief from your daily duties at the Bank may enable you soon to recover your health fully.

Yours truly  
A. Trowbridge Cash.

P.S. I shall be glad to hear from you -

I enclose letters & P. Cards that have come to the Bank for you

20 5 March

3 from Corvallis

End of Pine St

Chemistry



OFFICE OF  
TOWN CLERK.

Watertown, *Mch 3<sup>rd</sup>* 18*79*

To all persons to whom these presents may come; this  
is to certify that

*Charles F. Fitz*

has been duly elected to the office of

*Trustee of the Free Public Library  
for three years.*

Attest:

TILDEN G. ABBOTT,

*Town Clerk.*





Watertown, Sept 5 1898.

Mr C. F. Fitz

# Do Alexander Gregg, D<sup>n</sup>

## FUNERAL AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

Caskets, Coffins and Robes constantly on hand, and furnished at short notice.  
House, Riverside Place; Rooms, Mt. Auburn Street, near Main. Also, No. 6, Nonantum Block, Newton.

To furnishing & personal services  
for Burial of his father

Laying out Body ~  
5 ft & W<sup>th</sup> Coffin & Plate  
Gents 3 Wr Robe ~  
Box for Coffin ~  
Furning Body in Coffin &c

5 00  
20 00  
8 00  
3 50  
2 50 \$39 00

Sept 9

Paid  
A. Gregg





United States Treasury.

New Orleans, October 22<sup>d</sup>, 1866.

My dear Charlie,

Your very welcome letter reached me this morning, and by rare good fortune having a chance to write a word ~~this morning~~ uninterrupted by those bores, office seekers and holders and men of elegant leisure, I can not do better than thank you immediately.

I always read your comments on the grand humbug of all things American — politics — with great pleasure. I put you down in my catalogue with a very few of my acquaintance who take some honest interest in politics and do some personal thinking on the subject. And there are a few men of your way of thinking on these matters.

who have made themselves very prominent  
to whom I give, without effort, credit for  
that same honesty — such men as Phillips  
and Tilton. The latter I met not long  
ago; "I was in a crowd", and I presume  
he would not remember me, but the manly,  
earnest enthusiasm of the editor of the In-  
dependent impressed me very favorably and  
strongly. Without regard to his peculiar  
views, many of which I heartily dissent  
to, it seems to me that his independent,  
unaffiliated position has something  
of itself respectable in it. I cannot for  
a moment put him on the same level  
in my mind with a man like Stuart  
Mill, but in that one thing they are alike  
and for it deserve this credit: That when  
great personal advantage of a kind likely



to tempt most capable minds, can be obtained by their entrance into the organization of party, they keep out of party and only support it so far as it advances what they regard as sound healthy measures, while at the same time they are always working on the popular mind for their ideas of the advancement of society. Before such men, how petty are the Butters and Stevenses. You will not suppose I am praising all the views or nearly all of Tilton or even of Mill. The views of both on the suffrage question receive anything but <sup>my</sup> approval. I don't mean I object to black men voting, as such, or Chinese, men or Indians, any more than I object to the voting of men who vote in every State, nor as much; but my pet theory on this question is, that if the Constitution is

to be changed at all as to the ~~voting~~ <sup>be allowed to</sup> qualifi-  
cation of voters, only those should vote who  
have certain property and intellectual qual-  
ifications, and all those possessing them  
should be permitted to go to the ballot box,  
without distinction of race - but with dis-  
tinction as to age and sex. What do you  
think of that?

As to "my policy", we can't discuss it. The  
bare logic of it suits me exactly, and spite  
of his unpopularity, and partially perhaps  
because of it, I more than think well of  
the President. In fact, with reference to the  
admission of the South, and re-organization  
here, he is precisely with his predecessor  
in my opinion, and has not attempted  
anything inconsistent with the Baltimore  
platform. But in saying this I know I dif-



United States Treasury.

New Orleans,

186

fer from many men more ardent politicians than myself and certainly as sincere.

Politically Butler & Loring seem to me like "hot and Kettle". Personally I like Butler a deal more than I do his "friend", who is, is he not? about as cool under his fifth rib as he is specious and plausible. It is Loring's great misfortune, has been at least during the last six years or so, that for a long time before that the democratic party had control of the Federal offices. He was located miserably when Lincoln came in — considering his mental and moral foibles — and he calculated a bit too long afterwards, owing to that quite frigid muscle to which I drew your attention a moment ago. Butler, notwithstanding his physical vision, taken in

the points of a "situation" at once; his intuition is wonderful; his ambition has little to be hindered by in the way of scruples, and he has not been high enough yet to know its limit; in action he never hesitates nor strikes a blow that is not felt; in the language of the ring, he always "comes to time". Perhaps he may yet win popular confidence: if so, it will be time for some people to emigrate. Has, to quote a distinguished official, "the humble individual who now addresses you," the right to speak or write thus of these favored sons of the old Bay State?

Thank you for your congratulations about the office which has fallen to me. I like it, but as I have not, except nominally and hardly that, left the law, I have plenty of work, as our law firm is doing a large business. I am so well situated with a pleasant home and



agreeable occupation that I am not wholly disposed to become a "republican" yet for the sake of the happiness you <sup>204</sup> such a conversion would bring me. I get wearied politically as I grow older, am by no means so certain to absolute truth as I used to be, have become ~~quite~~ a doubter and the habit grows upon me. But I have some faith in the value of friendship, in certain good old books, in a very few new ones, in the "nicotian" weed, in a dry roof and quite a number of such small matters. Respecting however certain other "small matters", to wit: babies, I have still doubts, almost enough of them to have qualified me to succeed deep old Hunter Van Twiller, Walter the Doubter, sagest of the burgo-meisters of old New Amsterdam. But my lights on the subject are dim. Experience might give me faith, such as passeth all understanding. At present

I prefer to enjoy the society of such minute humanity vicariously. I like your baby better than mine own (imaginary) one.

I haven't time to begin to talk to you. If once in a while you write me a letter I will try to say a part <sup>in another</sup> <sup>res</sup> I leave unwritten. I am reading Mr. Cole's Letters, and Bury Cornwall's memoir of gentle Elia. Pleasant reading this latter: very delightful the former. Not much that is new in Proctor's book, but it is said in a kindly, appreciative way.

Give my regards to your wife, please. I'd like to see Boston again, when I can. I don't know. If I do I shall find you. Glad you are housekeeping; wish your hearth were nearer. At dinner my wife & I will drink the health of baby, Mrs. & Chas. F. today. Thanks for your papers. Not yet received.

Very truly yrs.  
Am. Whitaker







WM R. WHITAKER &

JAMES E. McBETH,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

13 ST. CHARLES STREET.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 10th, 1870.

My Dear Charlie,

I was very glad to get your pleasant letter, and thank you in equal degree for it. It is very long since my last letter from dear old Boston was received. The cause is mainly in my own indisposition for letter writing, for I am like most persons who have been compelled to rely on the pen as a means for making a livelihood, rather inclined to regard its use as something like drudgery. Time was when a friendly letter was never a task, and when I am at it it does not seem so now; yet the bread-maker is seldom a favorite tool. We don't take to it fondly as when we used it for love only. That you have been affected similarly is only natural, and while we "keep our memories green" we shall not be likely to scold each other for

intermittent letter concocting. I write now, because if I let your letter get cold — but it could not do that — if I should leave it for a day. I might not write you for a long while; so pardon my responding on the instant it is received.

I shan't make a mason of you by anything I could write in behalf of the institution, nor would I if I could, for proselyting is not my forte, nor is it Masonic. Of course you believe I think well of Masonry — else I would not work for it — as I have done for quite a number of years. "There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know", and its initiates only can testify knowingly about it, and they can only testify among themselves — at least, as to most of what Masonry is.

You are right in supposing Albert Pike your "fellow lodge" to be <sup>\*</sup>Albert Pike of literary & other fame. A very pleasant, thoughtful, learned and companionable man is he; one you would gladly know



well after knowing him a little - and  
as to his share in the war, he has had  
more abuse than he deserved as to details,  
and as to his rebelling - of course I  
think he was not right, but right and  
wrong depend largely on motive and  
difference of opinion, that I ~~have~~,  
while always loving the Union even  
more than peace, have learned, in  
the war and since it closed, to res-  
pect the men, (some of them,) and their  
convictions and motives, who fought  
under the "stars and bars." Now that  
the contest is over, and I know the South  
will, I should, were it to be renewed,  
stand where I did with Northern ed-  
ucation and prejudice. Still men with  
other experience and bent could honestly  
differ from my conclusions and de-  
serve my esteem, while our difference  
would make us enemies in the field.  
Our side I think was the right one, and  
if other people thought otherwise they  
have learned that it was the strong  
one. By and by we shall be charitably

disposed enough — perhaps — to think that both Confederate and Federal armies contained a great many honest and intelligent men who fought zealously for their respective flags. To I don't see "sin" quite as readily, perhaps, as you would, under "the gray".

You are wrong about my library. I am too poor to add to it now. After a while I hope to resume the good habit of getting good new and old books. What I have are very precious, and I could not readily do without them. My business occupies me so much that I have little time for reading, but now and then an evening, and usually each Sunday, gives me a good feast from my book-shelves. My wife is as fond of reading as myself, and solaces herself during my absence from home in the same pleasant quarter. When I am able I shall increase my store; but after all many books are not necessary. Some it would be starvation to live without. I



WM R. WHITAKER &

JAMES E. McBETH,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

13 ST. CHARLES STREET.

NEW ORLEANS,

18

would like to see a good book store  
once again. How fine it would be  
to enter and rummage in Fields,  
Orgood & Co's? In their new store,  
of which rumors have reached me.

Thanks for news of Nat. Allen. I  
had not heard from him for a very long  
time. He is fortunate to be able to leave  
his school for the fatherland. We will all  
of us take the same trip when we are able.  
Germany before Italy, and next to England.  
I put them among the desirables for  
hereafter.

As to the Byron matter — I am sick  
of it. Mrs. Stowe made a mistake  
whether Lady Byron deceived her or  
told the truth. The story don't hurt  
the poetry. Byron's works sell better  
for it. Mrs. Stowe is damaged very  
much. No good was in it to any  
one, and most harm to Mrs. Stowe.

Thank you most for your words of confidence respecting the Treasury trouble. It has been a sore blow. I know I need not tell you I have not stolen governments' money, but being charged with doing so is almost as bad as far as <sup>is concerned</sup> the world beyond my acquaintance. All will work right in time, and living down such bad fortune ought to be expiation enough for imprudence. At all events, the living down is to be done and is doing, and, thank God, I have a great many friends.

The law takes all my time. My practice is good and gaining. I am in nearly all the wine, sugar & whiskey cases, and in time, with no misfortune, will make money. I liked newspaper work better, but that I could not afford. A life like yours always pleased me, but in it a more stirring one might have charms. I don't believe much in the round hole and the square man - for I think

we can fit ourselves to almost any  
place by philosophical content and  
that is possible.

We have no children, and shall  
never have I suppose. Whether I am  
most glad of that, or sorry, I hardly  
know. Certainly we are not unhappy  
for being children.

When we go North we shall, if we  
go to Massachusetts, see you and  
yours; until then.

Very truly yrs,  
Am R Whitaker

Chas. F. FitzG.



R  
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2

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~~B~~

11

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~~F~~

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~~P~~

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V

















THE

Chester  
N 5519

PASSENGERS are requested - FARE  
to either to DESTROY or  
RETAIN this Ticket as a  
reference to any irregular-  
ities.  
By ORDER

3d



Passengers are earnestly solicited to see their Tickets are punched in their presence on the time of Payment; unless this is done Payment is not acknowledged.

The Tickets are numbered consecutively.

All complaints should be addressed to T. L. J. LLOYD Manager & Secretary,



Mouth of the Hudson.



THE CUNARD  
STEAM SHIP COMPANY  
LIMITED

MENU.



Per M. J. Sewia  
Date 7/3/82

→ THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP

Breakfast

ME

Fish.

Large Fish, Steak, and  
Broiled Salmon  
Haddock, Macaroni  
all kinds

Hot Dishes.

Roast Beef  
and Potatoes  
Porter House Steak  
Mutton Chops  
Baked Potatoes  
and all kinds of



Ny

Hot Dishes - Continued.

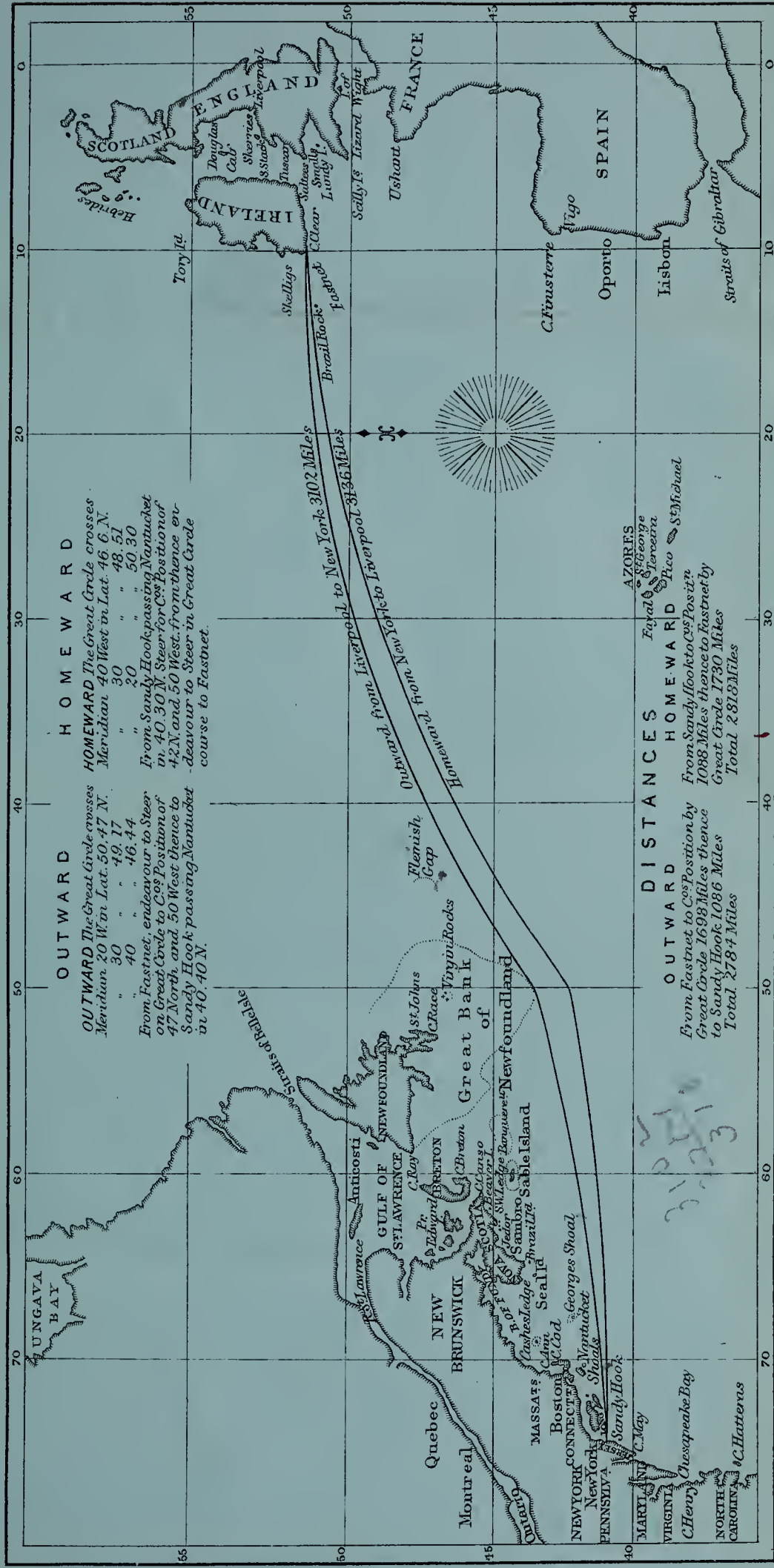
Cold Dishes.  
 Cold Corned Beef  
 Cold Mutton  
 Cold Ham  
 Cold Chicken



# CUNARD TRACK CHART.

## NOTICE.

With a view of diminishing the chances of Collision, the Steamers of this Line take a specified course for all seasons of the Year. On the Outward Passage from Queenstown to New York or Boston, crossing Meridian of 50 at 43 Lat. or nothing to the North of 43. On the Homeward Passage, crossing the Meridian of 50 at 42 Lat. or nothing to the North of 42.





240 Sunday  
 270 Mon  
 326 Tue  
 315 Wed  
 320 Th  
 353 Fri  
 370 Sat  
 320 Sun  
 334 Mon  
 334 Tue

122

2562

342

29 Sunday  
 270 Monday

# CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

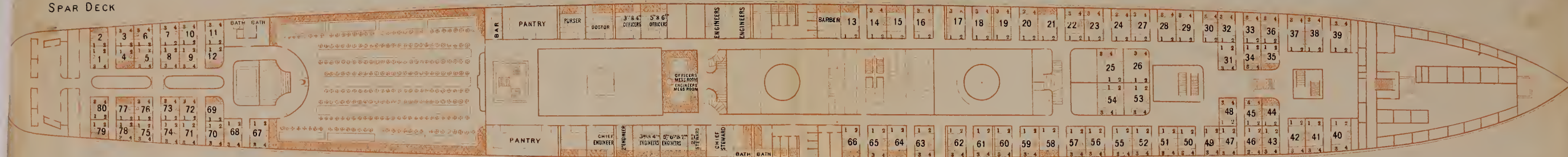
## CABIN PLAN OF STEAMSHIP "SERVIA."

LARGE FIGURES DENOTE STATE-ROOMS.

SMALL FIGURES DENOTE BERTHS.

ODD NUMBERS ARE UPPER BERTHS.

SPAR DECK



MAIN DECK







For CARRIAGE DRIVES IN PARIS in connection with this Excursion, see other Side.

For Cheap Excursions to HOLLAND, BELGIUM, GERMANY, &c., see other Bills.

# **EASTER HOLIDAYS.** **COOK'S PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS** **FROM LONDON** **TO PARIS,**

With Hotel Accommodation, Carriage Drives, &c.,  
**ON THURSDAY, APRIL 6th, 1882,**

By SPECIAL DAY AND NIGHT SERVICES of the Dieppe Route, leaving London Bridge at 7.30 a.m. and 8.0 p.m., and Victoria (L. B. & S. C.) at 7.15 a.m. and 7.50 p.m.  
 Or via Dover and Calais, leaving Ludgate Hill Station at 6.22 p.m., and Victoria (L. C. & D.) at 6.25 p.m., on THURSDAY, APRIL 6th, or SATURDAY, APRIL 8th.

## **INCLUSIVE FARES FROM LONDON:—**

Section I.—Via Newhaven and Dieppe, 2nd Class travelling, with Hotel Accommodation for 5 days ...	A	B
	£3 14 0	£4 0 0
Section II.—Via Newhaven and Dieppe, 1st Class travelling, with Hotel Accommodation for 5 days ...	4 4 0	4 10 0
Section III.—Via Dover and Calais, 3rd class travelling, with Hotel Accommodation for 5 days ...	3 19 0	4 5 0
Section IV.—Via Dover and Calais, 2nd Class travelling, with Hotel Accommodation for 5 days ...	4 14 0	5 0 0

A and B.—The Accommodation provided under head B is in a little better description of Hotels to that of A, but in both cases the accommodation is comfortable, and in previous years has given great satisfaction.

Passengers leave London at times in accordance with the Section for which they are booked, and must state when booking the route and date on which they will leave London. The Conductors for Sections I. and II. will depart from London Bridge Station; and for Sections III. and IV. from Ludgate Hill Station; but passengers for the Dieppe route may start from either Victoria (L. B. & S. C.) or London Bridge Stations, and those for the Calais Route from Holborn Viaduct, Ludgate Hill, or Victoria (L. C. & D.) Stations. Passengers from the country should, on their arrival in London, proceed direct to Cook's Tourist Office, Ludgate Circus, to exchange their vouchers and confer with the Conductor. Passengers via Calais may break their journey at Amiens, and those via Dieppe at Brighton and Rouen. Passengers holding above tickets to Paris, via Dover and Calais, must remain at Calais until 5.0 a.m., as their Tickets will not be available by the Mail Trains.

Extra Hotel Accommodation may be arranged with the Paris Agents of THOS. COOK & SON, 9, Rue Scribe, and 15, Place du Havre. Each passenger will receive a card stating the name of the Hotel at which accommodation will be reserved.

Should any visitor to Paris be suddenly called away from the Hotel for which prepayment has been made, or if any justifiable reason can be assigned for leaving before the expiration of the time, the amount overpaid will be refunded at the Chief Office, Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, London, on presentation of a statement of account, or a memorandum from the Hotel Proprietor, stating particulars. But in all cases of repayment a discount of 10 per cent. will be charged on the amount thus returned. Two shillings will be allowed by the Hotel Proprietor for Dinners not taken in the Hotel (Class B).

The Travelling Tickets will be available to return from Paris to London by the Night Service at any time within fourteen days.

## **THE FARES INCLUDE—**

1. Railway and Steamship tickets to Paris and back.
2. Hotel Accommodation, consisting of meat breakfast, dinner at table d'hôte, bedroom, lights, and service:—  
 For those passengers leaving London on Thursday morning: to commence with bedroom on Thursday evening, and end with dinner on the following Tuesday evening.  
 For those passengers leaving London on Thursday evening: to commence with breakfast on Friday morning, and end with dinner on the following Tuesday evening.  
 For those passengers leaving London on Saturday evening: to commence with breakfast on Sunday morning, and end with dinner on the following Thursday evening.  
 For passengers leaving London on Thursday or Saturday evening, breakfast is provided at Dieppe or Calais.
3. Carriage drives to all places of interest, and the services of guides on three days, as per programme on next page. Carriage tickets are only available for the day named upon them, and cannot be allowed for if not used.
4. Omnibuses to and from Station and Hotel if required.
5. Personal assistance of a competent Conductor from London to Paris.
6. One copy of "Cook's GUIDE TO PARIS." With Map.

Visitors to Paris should purchase at Cook's Office a small amount of French Money before leaving.

For full particulars of above, and of all Cook's Excursions and Tours to the Midland District, English Lakes, West of England, South Coast, Scotland, Ireland, and All Parts of the Continent, the United States, Canada, India, Australia, &c., apply to

**THOS. COOK & SON,**

**CHIEF OFFICE—Ludgate Circus, London.**

**West-End Agency—Midland Railway Office, 445, West Strand.**

**Euston Road Office—In Front of St. Pancras Station.**

**Crystal Palace—Tourist Court.**

Manchester—61, Market Street.  
 Liverpool—11, Ranelagh Street.  
 Birmingham—Stephenson Place.  
 Walsall—Post Office Buildings, The Bridge.  
 Wolverhampton—27, Queen Street.  
 Leeds—1, Royal Exchange.  
 Bradford—8, Exchange, Market Street.  
 Sheffield—Change Alley Corner.

Nottingham—16, Clumber Street.  
 Leicester—5½, Gallowtree Gate.  
 Dublin—45, Dame Street.  
 Edinburgh—9, Princes Street.  
 Glasgow—165, Buchanan Street.  
 Paris { 9, Rue Scribe.  
 { 15, Place du Havre.  
 { Grand Hotel (Courtyard).



# CARRIAGE DRIVES IN CONNECTION WITH EXCURSIONS TO PARIS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8th, and WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12th.

Column Vendôme, Garden of the Tuileries, Institute of France, Mint, Pont Neuf and Statue of Henry IV., Palace of Justice, Ste. Chapelle, Tribunal of Commerce, Conciergerie, Cour de Cassation, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, Palace and Museum of the Louvre, Palais Royal. LUNCHEON. Place du Carrousel and Triumphal Arch, Ecole des Beaux-Arts, St. Germain des Prés, St. Sulpice, Palace of the Luxembourg, St. Jacques du Haut Pas, Val de Grâce, Carpet Manufactory of the Gobelins, Observatory, Statue of Marshal Ney, Fountain and Gardens of the Luxembourg, Panthéon, Bibliothèque, Ste. Geneviève, St. Etienne du Mont, Fontaine Cuvier, Jardin des Plantes, Orleans Railway Terminus, Halle aux Vins, Morgue, Cathedral of Notre Dame, Hôtel Dieu, Place du Châtelet, the New Avenue de l'Opéra.

MONDAY, APRIL 10th.

New French Opera, Grand Boulevards, Madeleine, Place de la Concorde and Obelisk of Luxor, Champs Elysées, Palace of Industry, Palace of the Elysée, Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, Exhibition Buildings, Ecole Militaire, Invalides and Tomb of Napoleon, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Palace Bourbon, Pont de la Concorde, Palace of the Legion of Honour, Palace of the Council of State (ruins), Tuileries, Palais Royal. LUNCHEON. Bibliothèque Nationale, Bourse, Rue Lafayette, Square Montholon, St. Vincent de Paul, Northern Railway Terminus, Park of the Buttes Chaumont, Cemetery of Père La Chaise, Prison de la Roquette and Place of Execution, Place de la Bastille and Column of July, Place du Château d'Eau, Porte St. Martin, Porte St. Denis, La Trinité.

TUESDAY, APRIL 11th.

St. Augustin, Park Monceau, Arc de Triomphe, Bois de Boulogne, the Lakes, Grand Cascade and Race Course, View of the Citadel of Mont Valérien, Town and Park of St. Cloud, Montretout-Buzenval, Forest of Ville d'Avray, Avenue de Picardie, Versailles, the Grand Trianon and State Carriages. LUNCHEON. Palace, Museum, and Park of Versailles, Avenue de Paris, Viroflay, Chaville, Sèvres and its Porcelain Manufactory (exterior), Billancourt, Fortifications of Paris, Viaduct of Auteuil, Palace of the Trocadéro, Seine Embankment, Cours La Reine.

N.B.—Passengers leaving London on Thursday must take the Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday Carriage Drives, and those Leaving London on Saturday must take the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

The "four-in-hand" carriages start precisely at 10.0 a.m. from Cook's Tourist Office, 15, Place du Havre, and return at 5.30 p.m. These carriages have been constructed with the utmost care as regards workmanship and comfort. An Interpreter accompanies each party.

## COOK'S EASTER EXCURSIONS To PARIS, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, GERMANY, &c., BY ALL ROUTES.

ROUTE.	FIRST CLASS.	SECOND CLASS.	THIRD CLASS.
London to Paris and back, <i>via</i> Newhaven and Dieppe. Available for fourteen days ... ..	£ s. d. 1 16 0	£ s. d. 1 7 0	£ s. d. ...
London to Paris and back, <i>via</i> Newhaven and Dieppe. Available for one month ... ..	2 15 0	1 19 0	1 10 0
London to Paris and back, <i>via</i> Dover and Calais, Cheap Night Service. Available for fourteen days ... ..	...	2 7 0	1 11 6
London to Paris and back, <i>via</i> Dover and Calais, Mail Service. Available for one month... ..	4 15 0	3 15 0	...
London to Paris and back, <i>via</i> Boulogne ... ..	2 12 6	1 15 0	1 6 0
London to Havre and back, <i>via</i> the Thames ... ..	0 17 0	0 12 0	...
London to Boulogne and back, <i>via</i> the Thames ... ..	0 18 6	0 13 0	...
London to Ostend and back, <i>via</i> the Thames ... ..	0 16 0	0 10 6	...
London to Brussels and Antwerp and back, <i>via</i> Harwich. Available for one month ... ..	2 5 9	1 8 4	...
London to Brussels, Antwerp, and Rotterdam and back. Available for one month ... ..	2 13 6	1 14 4	...
London to Brussels and back, <i>via</i> Dover and Calais. Available for one month ... ..	3 17 9	2 17 9	...
London to Antwerp or Rotterdam and back, <i>via</i> Harwich. Available for two months ... ..	2 0 0	1 4 0	...
London to Antwerp and back, <i>via</i> Queenboro' and Flushing. Available for one month ... ..	2 3 11	1 9 5	...
London to Rotterdam and back, <i>via</i> Queenboro' and Flushing. Available for one month ... ..	2 5 0	1 10 0	...
London to Rotterdam and Antwerp and back, <i>via</i> Harwich. Available for one month ... ..	2 8 1	1 10 4	...
London to Antwerp and back, <i>via</i> the Thames ... ..	1 2 0	0 13 6	...
London to Hamburg and back, <i>via</i> the Thames ... ..	2 2 6	1 1 6	...
London to Rotterdam, Cologne, Brussels, Ant- werp, Harwich, London. Available for one month ... ..	3 18 0	2 12 4	...

Full particulars of the above Excursions can be obtained at any of the Offices and Agencies of

**THOS. COOK & SON, Chief Office, Ludgate Circus, London.**



# SOUVENIR

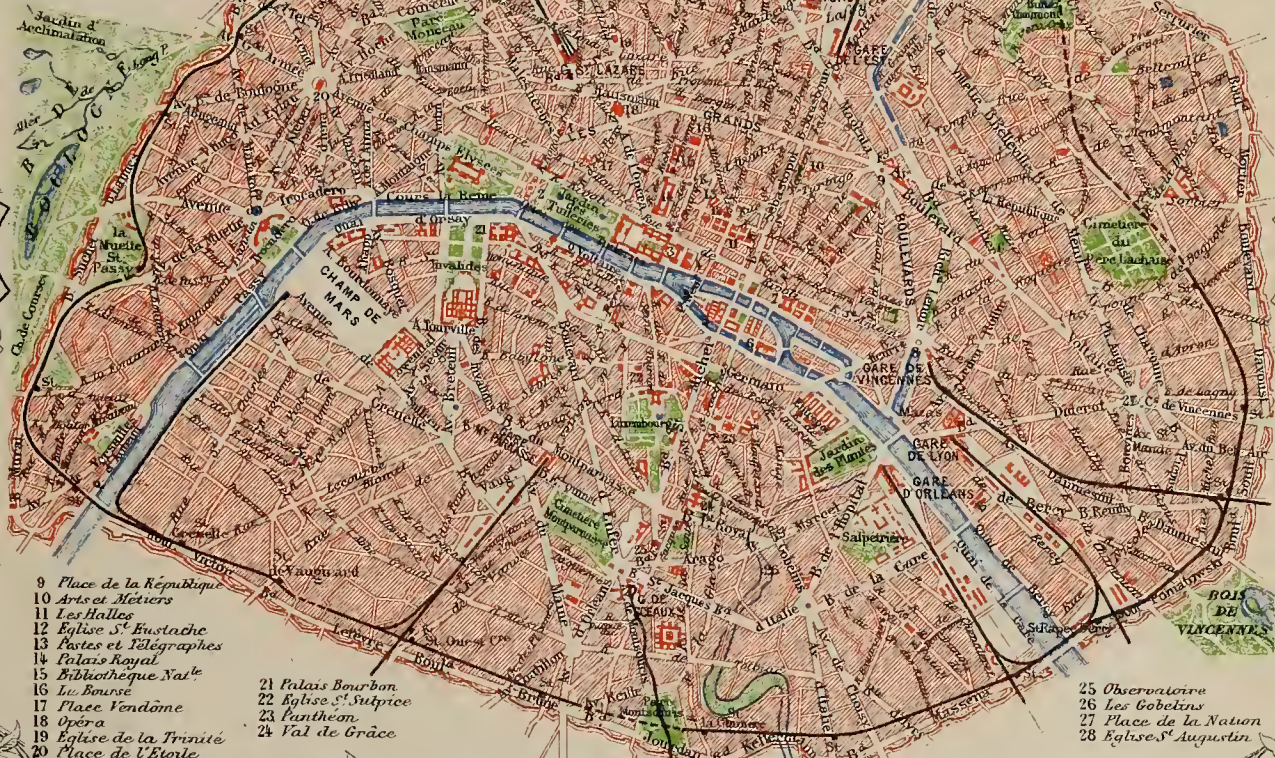
# DE PARIS

PRINCIPAUX MONUMENTS  
Parcs et Jardins à visiter  
ITINÉRAIRE  
Départ de la Gare St-Lazare  
HOTEL DE LONDRES ET DE NEW-YORK  
15, Place du Havre, 15

- 1 Eglise de la Madeleine
- 2 Place de la Concorde
- 3 Le Louvre
- 4 Eglise St-Etienne d'Auxerrois
- 5 Palais de Justice
- 6 Notre-Dame
- 7 Hotel de Ville
- 8 Place de la Bastille

Nota  
Les Numéros de  
la légende cor-  
respondent aux  
chiffres placés  
sur le plan

Echelle  
0 200 1000 Mètres









# LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST, AND WESTERN OF FRANCE RAILWAYS.

(Shortest and Cheapest Route to Paris.)

## EASTER HOLIDAYS.

COOK'S CHEAP EXCURSIONS

# TO PARIS,

On THURSDAY, APRIL 6th, 1882,

BY SPECIAL DAY AND NIGHT SERVICES.

Leaving London Bridge at 7:30 a.m. and 8:0 p.m., and Victoria (L. B. & S. C.)  
at 7:15 a.m. and 7:50 p.m.

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Bradford—8, Exchange, Market Street.  
Sheffield—Change Alley Corner.

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Leicester—5½, Gallowtree Gate.  
Dublin—45, Dame Street.  
Edinburgh—9, Princes Street.  
Glasgow—165, Buchanan Street.  
Paris { 9, Rue Scribe.  
          15, Place du Havre.  
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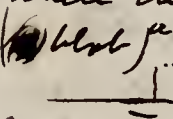




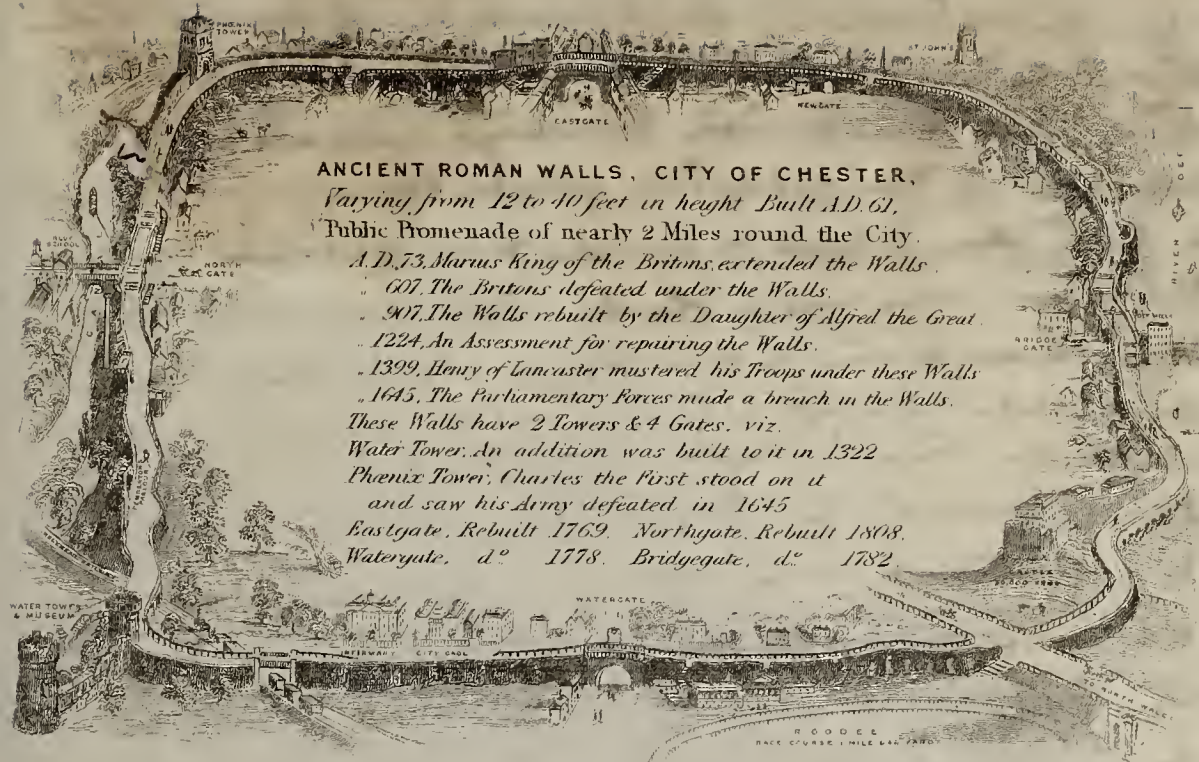
But everything seems in many cases so strange  
and odd here in this old city that I am in  
a constant wonder. Its narrow st. Its old houses  
and still more ancient ruins, makes one feel very  
insignificant & humble. Here were men who built  
monuments far more durable than we are building to  
day and they have long since been forgotten - How  
long will our petty existence be remembered? - When I  
got out of the car today noon, the first thing that  
I noted was the dog carts, two wheeled wagons like  
a tip cart, only on springs, drawn by diminutive horses  
or donkeys and loaded down with fat men or  
women & packages, either of the men or women  
looking quite able to carry the donkey. And the cart  
was large enough for a strong cart horse - all day  
long you will see these carts, and as often as otherwise  
they are driven by women or girls - without bangs -  
Then I took a tram-way (horse car) to the "Blissons"  
Hotel where I am stopping, and the conductor  
was a little boy about as large as Freddy, and  
these little fellows I see on all the cars - They  
carry leather satchels hanging about their necks  
& they take your fare & give you a check while  
they punch with a bell punch. I read one of the  
checks - as I rode along the names of the Hotels  
announced me. Here was the Bear's Paw - the  
Bear & Billet - These names were an indication  
for the bear-baiting days of Eng. Nag's Head  
was another hotel - White Bear Hop-Pole -  
Bull & Stump and in a great many cases they  
are kept by women - This Chester is a city of 40,000  
inhabitants & yet many of the houses & stores are only



a story & a half high and so very old that many  
of them are pitching over towards the st. The 2<sup>d</sup>  
story also, in a good many cases projects, beyond  
the first, so that in walking on the sidewalk you  
walk under the second story. The pictures on the  
head of this letter will show the ornamentations  
of the houses - I have seen these very houses and  
the pictures are exact counterparts. There you will  
see no morden structures at all. Everything of  
brick or stone - and as they are scarcely painted  
especially in the country, this gives a sombre look  
to the foreign houses - as soon as I was settled, I  
took a walk around the old walls (I send you  
a representation of these) They enclose the old city  
but the modern city covers quite a space outside  
the walls. There are but a few remains of the  
first walls, for they have been repaired & rebuilt  
several times; and now in reverence of their antiquity,  
the City keeps them entire & perfect. On my way  
round at one of the old towers I met an American  
gentleman & his wife & little boy about 7 yrs. & on my  
return to the Hotel I found them at supper. He  
gave me his card, when I found he was a Capt. of  
agents for the Royal Ins. Co and his business called  
him into every large place in Eng. His head quarters  
are at Liverpool & he invited me to call on him  
there, which I shall try to do. After making a tour of  
the walls, I went to the old Chester Cathedral and  
a charming & genial Verger showed me over it.  
I think a part of the Church was built as early as  
900. I went into the Norman Crypt, where the old  
monks had their cells as it might have

seen their reflecting and the old Arches, which  
had been almost buried in earth, like late  
years looked as if they might stand forever.  
Then the Verger took me to the choir - That is  
the rear of the church, opposite its entrance, and  
where the choir & the altar is. There was some  
elaborate wood carvings all about it, done  
then a few hundred yrs. ago which till recently  
had been painted by some vandal, and which  
within a few years had been all taken down and  
brought to rid them of paint & then replaced.  
He said it cost each piece over 50 pounds.  
Then the seats against the wall were very curious.  
After you got tired of sitting in one posture, you  
could turn the seats up against the wall and  
when the seat was turned up it looked like this  
 The dots show how it would be when down.  
You will see there is a little projection (a)  
near the top, this was for the occupant to sit  
upon if he liked when it was turned up and  
the Verger said the slant was given it, so that  
if sleep came, they would pitch forward  
on their noses - Then in that little slot up  
under the projection, every seat had the  
most quaint & curious carvings in wood I  
ever saw & the witty Verger told some story  
of each as he showed them. This one he  
says represents a young man asking the hand  
of a young lady, she is a little coy and evidently  
refers him to papa. Here is one, I call the first  
quarrel and I always tell my young lady  
visitors, that if they will avoid the first  
quarrel, they will never have a second -  
Another showed a sow with ten little pigs





# ANCIENT ROMAN WALLS, CITY OF CHESTER.

Varying from 12 to 40 feet in height Built A.D. 61.

Public Promenade of nearly 2 Miles round the City.

A.D. 73, Marius King of the Britons, extended the Walls.

607, The Britons defeated under the Walls.

907, The Walls rebuilt by the Daughter of Alfred the Great.

1224, An Assessment for repairing the Walls.

1399, Henry of Lancaster mustered his Troops under these Walls.

1645, The Parliamentary Forces made a breach in the Walls.

These Walls have 2 Towers & 4 Gates, viz.

Water Tower, An addition was built to it in 1322

Phoenix Tower, Charles the First stood on it

and saw his Army defeated in 1645

Eastgate, Rebuilt 1769. Northgate, Rebuilt 1808.

Watergate, d.° 1778. Bridgegate, d.° 1782.

Taking their dinner or now other meal, there  
 there were grotesque heads, vases &c. and as they  
 were a hundred or more of these wall seats, you  
 can imagine the variety & humor displayed by  
 the artificers, who wrought all these in the  
 13<sup>th</sup> Century. There again the arms of each seat  
 was ornamented with a carved decoration. A  
 head of a man or woman or elf. all done  
 in oak. Then I went to St John's Chapel in  
 another part of the City & this old Church was  
 said to have been founded in 659 & a part of the  
 ruins of the old foundation still exist. It was said  
 King Ethelred vowed that where he first saw a  
 hind, there he would build a Church. Among  
 the old ruins is seen a defaced statue of this  
 King with a hind leaping up to him. In the  
 old walls of this ruin, is seen embedded in  
 the stone, a Coffin dug out of ground with its lid  
 & contents gone. Truly best from the ground.

In the interior of the Church were some old stones found about the ruins - evidently coffin lids, and covered with carvings indicating the business of the departed guest. There was one with a horse shoe, a pair of pincers & a hammer cut in the stone. This was a blacksmith. Another had some shears & etc. indicating a sheek shearer - and queer old ornamentations in stone were found here as at the other Cathedral - After looking at these I went about the City looking at the old remains. In a stationer's shop kept by a woman, was an old roman bath cut in solid stone & part of the hypocaust where these Romans built their fires to heat the bathers - This bath was in solid stone & four or five feet below the surface, showing how the earth had accumulated since its creation, for it was then level with the st. If you will look in a book I have called Beckers Gallus, you will read all about the Roman baths. It looked strange to find here in our cellar, just here, an institution built 1800 years ago. and one too that could be used to day for the bath was completed & in a hot summer day one could lay in this stone tank & cool off admirably.

Yesterday afternoon I rode in the cars to Beutons Cuth, about 7 miles from here. It is in ruins, and was first built, it is said, about 600. It was besieged three times, I think I was told, by Romans. It is situated ~~low~~ on a bluff 100 above the road. A gradual rise at the rear takes you to it. The old walls covered a large area. There are the



remains of his or those of the Towers, and a  
portion of the walls - they belong now to Lord  
Thomas, who has built a new Castle about a  
mile off for this one - As I was going to this  
old Castle I met my acquaintances, returning  
& they told me, that had walked over to  
the new Castle & the Lord being at home,  
they had been taken all through it. <sup>How</sup>  
soon I regretted I had not been with them.  
To-day I have been to Gladstone's residence,  
Harwarden Castle - I stopped at the Church  
which he attends when he is at home and of  
which one of his sons is Rector, then I went  
thru. his grounds, visiting the ruins of the  
Castle (Harwarden Castle) He has a fine  
residence and the grounds, altho, not elaborately  
laid out, as gentlemen's residences are with  
us, are well situated and handsomely  
described - I suppose I saw the forest, where  
he gets his vigor and his inspiration, by  
chopping trees - I enclose you some daisies  
and buttercups picked for the ponds, they  
came from the slope near the Castle - you  
notice the daisies & buttercups are both smaller  
than they are with us - I have given you the  
full length of the stem - As I returned, I  
stopped again at the Church and heard  
Gladstone's son Rev Stephen G. catechise the  
children of the Parish I got a bit of a lunch at

at Caffer home in the village, which is a Temperance  
Institution established for the benefit of the village  
by Mrs. W. Gladstone the wife of one of Gladstone's  
sons - For a penny (2 cts) I got a large cube  
of chocolate, for another penny gave me four  
slices of bread, and another one, some most  
excellent & delicious Cheshire cheese. Cheshire  
Co. is famous for its cheeses and I met an old  
farmer yesterday who said, his farm, was  
devoted to cheese raising. He kept 20 cows,  
and sold his cheese for about 7 p. per pound.  
I walked ~~back~~ back for Harwarden, about  
six miles and feel a little foot sore. But the  
day has been like a June day with us in  
Mass. - The fields are all green and as level  
as a carpet. There are no rocks or stones  
to be seen and the fences are all hedges.  
I could it have arrived here at a more  
opportune time. I see few forest trees and  
the prospect generally is not very diversified  
about here. All the farm houses, as I have  
said have a sombre look and I fancy  
that even the youth are less cheery and  
polite than with us. They generally have to  
begin an earlier struggle for existence than we  
do and this fact may check their spirits.  
At the ordinary hotels, all the servants are women.  
I wanted a fire & a girl kindle it. At the stores  
many of them, I find none but women & their  
shops open directly into their living rooms.  
Of course this does not apply to the large establishments.  
I went to get shoes, and the woman who was

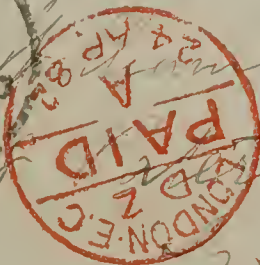
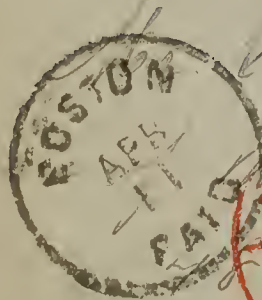
in the rear room said, Martin is not now, but  
will be in directly, so I told her I would look  
in five minutes later. As I was walking thro  
the st<sup>o</sup> - I saw her a little later at a meat  
store, & she bowed & said Martin was in.  
I went back & was shaved for which I paid  
2<sup>5</sup> - The barbers do nothing but shave you, unless  
you ask & pay for more. They don't wash your  
face & brush your hair as they do with us and  
in some places I am told that after shaving  
they leave you to ~~the~~ wash off the lather -  
But the girls here Abby are not very handsome  
tho. They are rugged and hardy. They dress  
sensibly, with thick boots & good sized  
ones, and comb their hair in the good  
old fashioned way. At the Church this  
morning I saw none with furbelows or ribbons.

a very tidy girl, that sat beside me, has  
some silver bracelets, but I did not see any  
big muslin Kerchief about her neck. The  
little boys at the service this afternoon, had  
had to tell the Rector what Original Sin  
was - how it came into the world and  
what would destroy it. There was not one  
of the youngsters dressed as well as you do -  
but I did not hear a do - me. for any of them.  
But I cant mix any more to night. I think  
I may go to York for here. to - morrow, tho. I  
havent fully decided. Mix - me to Linden. I  
will mix again in a day or two - Love to  
all.

Yours aff.

C. F. F.





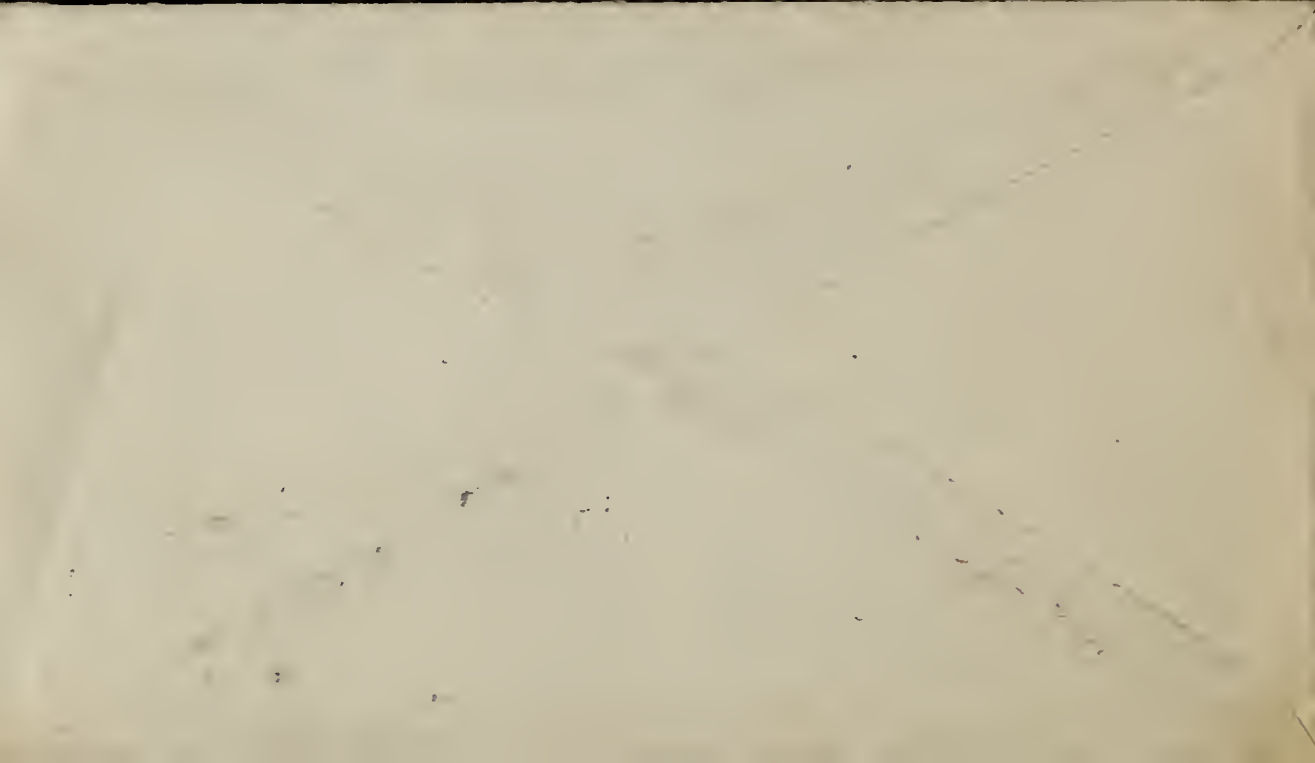
Chas. F. Smith

Esq. Will & Co

Postmaster Row C. C.

London

England.



in school, and  
a great deal  
in summer etc.  
remember me to  
Dad and Mamma,  
if you are  
with them.  
Love  
John



The first of these was  
the fact that the  
country was a great waste-  
land to the south - and  
some of the best of the  
country was in the hands of  
the Indians.

The second was the fact  
that the country was a  
great waste-land to the  
south - and some of the  
best of the country was  
in the hands of the  
Indians. The third was  
the fact that the country  
was a great waste-land to  
the south - and some of  
the best of the country  
was in the hands of the  
Indians. The fourth was  
the fact that the country  
was a great waste-land to  
the south - and some of  
the best of the country  
was in the hands of the  
Indians.

The fifth was the fact  
that the country was a  
great waste-land to the  
south - and some of the  
best of the country was  
in the hands of the  
Indians. The sixth was  
the fact that the country  
was a great waste-land to  
the south - and some of  
the best of the country  
was in the hands of the  
Indians.

The man who  
had been working  
in the (London).  
He had been in  
the country, and really  
wanted to be doing a new thing  
in business, if his em-  
ployment can be taken over.  
He gave me a good deal of  
information about the matter and  
the way which he looked at  
the matter, and when I said  
that I would not return  
to him, he refused that I  
was not going to return.  
He was not at all satisfied with  
the situation, and was  
very much interested in the  
matter, his concern to  
the whole thing was  
very much greater. He was  
very much interested in the  
matter, and was

[illegible]

Dr. Jennings, who will visit  
these different positions, and  
have been lately heard to say, a  
"man in the village" where he is



ALL ABOUT  
THE SALVATION ARMY.

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1882.

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# ALL ABOUT THE SALVATION ARMY.

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## What is The Salvation Army?

A body of converted men and women, joined together after the fashion of an army, who intend to make all men yield, or, at least, *listen* to the claims which God has to their love and service.

## When, where, and by whom was it originated?

In the East of London, in the year 1865, by WILLIAM BOOTH, its present leader.

## Who is William Booth?

MR. BOOTH was brought up in the Church of England, converted amongst the Wesleyans, afterwards became a minister of the Methodist New Connexion, and travelled in a great many parts of England, seeing great success in winning souls, until the year 1861 when he resigned his position as a regular minister, and gave himself up, with his wife, to evangelistic work. After this their labours were very largely owned of God, thousands being received into the various churches as the result. In the year 1865, Mr. BOOTH was led, by the Providence of God, quite contrary to all his predilections, to the East of London, where the appalling fact that the enormous bulk of the population were totally ignorant and deficient of real religion, and altogether uninfluenced by the existing religious organizations, so impressed him that he determined to devote his life to *making these millions hear and*



know God, and thus save them from the abyss of misery in which they were plunged, and rescue them from the damnation that was before them. The Salvation Army is the result.

### **How does The Army operate?**

1. By holding meetings out of doors, and marching singing through the streets, in harmony with law and order.

2. By visiting public-houses, gin palaces, prisons, private houses, and speaking to and praying with all who can be got at.

3. By holding meetings in theatres, music halls, saloons, and the other common resorts of those who prefer pleasure to God, and by turning factories and other strange buildings into meeting rooms, so securing hearers who would not enter ordinary places of worship.

4. By using the most popular song tunes and the language of every-day life to convey God's thoughts to everyone in novel and striking forms.

5. By making every convert a daily witness for Christ, both in public and private.

### **Why should men be compelled to hear of Salvation?**

Because the vast majority would otherwise avoid doing so. Everybody knows that in large cities especially, where there are most churches and chapels, there are multitudes of people who never have anything to do with religion. The beerhouse and gin palace are in fact the churches of the million. Now, if the Bible be true at all, it must be of the utmost importance to press its truths upon the attention of all these before they die.

### **How did the movement come to be called "The Salvation Army?"**

When the organization had been in existence some 11

years, it was found to be fashioned, substantially, after the model of an army, and, as its object was the salvation of men, it was called what it really seemed to be—an Army of Salvation, otherwise “The Salvation Army.”

**Why is this military form of government preferable?**

It is *preferable* because the only reason for which the organization exists being *war*, common sense requires that it should be framed after that pattern which mankind, in all ages, has found to be, not only the *most effective* but the only one *possible* for an army.

**But is this military form of government Scriptural?**

Yes, for while it contradicts no principle of government laid down or practised in the New Testament, and is in perfect harmony with the only system of government described and enjoined in the Old Testament, it seems likely to answer the end contemplated by both the Old and New Dispensations, and cannot, therefore, be said to be unscriptural.

**Has the Army been successful?**

Yes, extraordinarily so. It has made greater progress during the time it has been in existence than any religious movement of the last hundred years, perhaps greater than any since the Lutheran Reformation. Thousands who were once the most godless and profane in the community are now apostles of salvation, living and preaching the gospel in every land.

## What is the Present Position of The Army?

We have at this time—that is, March, 1882—

Number of Corps or Stations in Great Britain	281
Officers in active command ... ..	462
On the <i>General Staff</i> ... ..	83
Cadets in the <i>Training Homes</i> ... ..	73

---

Total of Officers entirely employed and paid	618
Number of Services held every week ...	4,950
Soldiers trained and ready to speak at any time, out doors or in ... ..	15,000
Theatres, Concert Halls, and other public buildings hired for The Army ... ..	140
Halls, Warehouses, and other buildings owned or hired ... ..	203

---

Total number of Buildings occupied ...	343
Annual rental of property so hired... ..	£18,000
Expended on property and in furnishing Officers' Quarters ... ..	£21,391
Total sitting accommodation in these build- ings... ..	220,000
Number of people reached in the streets and highways weekly ... ..	4,000,000
Received and expended by the people for year ending December 31, 1881, at the rate of	£57,000

The present Stations of The Army are in different parts of London, the principal towns of England and Wales, in Scotland, the North of Ireland, France, the United States of America, and in Australia.



**Do the Converts themselves contribute to support The Army ?**

Yes ; they are taught that they cannot follow Christ without the presentation of themselves and their all to assist in conquering the world for God.

**How are the Contributions of the People received ?**

Collections are taken in many Stations at *every* service, Sabbath and week-day, and at all the Stations very frequently.

**Do not these frequent Collections hinder the Work ?**

No ; the converts regard giving as being as much a duty as speaking, and strangers take it as a matter of course.

**What is done with the Money raised locally by the different Corps ?**

The offerings at the meetings and the weekly contributions of the Soldiers are devoted to the payment of rents, and the support of their own Officers. Sometimes when they have an overplus it is given to help more needy Stations.

**How is this local Money looked after ?**

By local Treasurers and Secretaries, who prepare and present balance-sheets to their separate Corps, their accounts also being inspected by Officers on the Staff, sent from Headquarters.

**Are the Officers' Salaries guaranteed ?**

No. Each Officer goes forth to the war, trusting in God for his support, and, on entering upon it, acknowledges in

writing that he has no legal claim upon Headquarters, or upon any other authority in The Army for salary or remuneration.

**Are the necessities of the Officers usually supplied?**

Yes; although many, no doubt, suffer considerable hardship; yet God is faithful who has promised, and He does not suffer them to be tried beyond their power of endurance. Such officers always receive help from Headquarters when we are aware of their necessity and when funds permit.

**Are the working expenses of the separate Corps usually heavy?**

Yes, very. Four and five pounds per week are amounts ordinarily paid.

But if the stations are so largely self-supporting, wherein exists the necessity for subscriptions being sent to Headquarters. In other words, what is done with the money so sent?

While it is true that the great majority of the stations meet their local claims—many do not, and these have to be assisted; in addition to which, Headquarters has to meet the expense of establishing new Stations, assisting in building new halls, purchasing old buildings, training Officers, furnishing Officers' Quarters all over the kingdom, also paying much of the expenses of the innumerable removals of the Officers from one Station to another. All breakdowns and expenses of sickness, have also to be met from Headquarters,

as well as the salaries of Staff Officers (excepting Mr. Booth himself), and all travelling expenses of the same, as well of District Inspecting Officers, together with all legal, auditors' and accountants' expenses, with rent of offices, printing, publishing, &c.

**Is a Balance Sheet regularly published of the moneys received and expended at Headquarters ?**

Yes, a Yearly Balance Sheet is issued, signed by Messrs. Beddow & Son, Public Accountants, 2, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, E.C., by whom the accounts are regularly audited ; and, not only so, but any person who has a direct interest in The Army is at liberty to inspect the books, which contain all the particulars of income and expenditure.

**Is Mr. Booth supported out of the funds of The Army ?**

No ! From the commencement of the movement he has been supported from an entirely independent source.

**Are not many of the measures and methods employed by The Army objected to, as strange, vulgar, and unscriptural ?**

Yes, these objections are very commonly made by persons who form their opinion of us by hearsay, but we totally deny that anything is done by authority that can be shown to be contrary to the spirit or letter of the Bible. We do admit, however, that many of our methods are very different to the religious usages and social tastes of



respectable and refined people, which may make those measures appear vulgar, that is, in bad taste to them; but this does not make them wrong in the sight of God. On the contrary, we think this adaptation of measures to the state of the masses is abundantly justified by the extraordinary things which God set His prophets to do, in order to arrest the attention of the people, and also by the innovations connected with the work of Jesus Christ and His Apostles! And, if it can be proved from the results, that these methods lay hold of the ignorant and godless multitudes, compelling them to think about eternity, and attend to their souls' salvation, we think they are thereby proved to be both lawful end expedient, and such as should command the approbation of all good men.

*"He that winneth souls is wise."*—PROVERBS xi. 30.

*"For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more."*—1 COR. ix. 19. (See, also, verses 20 to 23).

*"Making a difference: and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire!!"*—JUDE 23.

**Why are Military titles used, such as Generals, Captains, Lieutenants, and the like?**

Because, those in authority must have some significant titles, and because these harmonise with the organisation of The Army, are ready-made to our hands, most readily convey to the minds of the common people the rank the Officers hold, and are less objectionable to the masses of the people than those used by the regular Christian denominations to describe their Officers.

Why are such strange names as the "Salvation Warehouse," "Salvation Stores," and the like given to the places of meeting?

It is well known that there is a strong prejudice existing in the minds of the vast majority of the population against Churches and Chapels, and that on no account will they enter them. By calling our places Warehouses, Factories, Stores and the like, we avoid this prejudice, and obtain the attendance of the people; and when we add the word Salvation, we make known in the simplest and plainest manner possible that the meetings that are to be held there, will be for the purposes of salvation. Some people have strongly denounced these names, but we think them simple and useful and no more objectionable than "Christ Church," "Jesus College," and the like.

What kind of uniform is worn, and is there any advantage in it?

It consists of a plain simple dark blue dress, trimmed with neat red braid, and marked by the letter S on the collar. It is found to be very useful, attracts attention, gives opportunity for conversation, gathers people at the open-air demonstrations, excites respect in the rowdy population, indicates not only connection with The Army, but a person's position in it, and is a safeguard against conformity to the fashions of the day. The ministers of most churches have a uniform, and are not ashamed of it; we can see no solid objection to The Salvation Army having one also.

**Can anything be said in favour of Colours, Bands of Music, Processions and other sensational methods employed ?**

They are all explained by the first necessity of the movement, which is TO ATTRACT ATTENTION. If the people are in danger of the damnation of Hell, and asleep in their danger, then the business of those sent to rescue them is, first, to awaken them—"to open their eyes." These and other methods attract their attention, secure a hearing for the gospel, and thousands repent, flee to Christ from the wrath to come, and are saved. Many of the objections vanish on a little thought, For instance, strong objections have been made to the using of a drum in our processions ; but there cannot certainly be anything more objectionable in our calling the poor people into our Theatres and Halls by beating a drum than in other Christians calling together their congregations by beating a bell: no principle is involved in either case.

**Is there any defence of the peculiar posters, window placards, and other announcements issued from time to time ?**

What has just been said applies equally here. When an officer issues a bill announcing any meeting, he has three things before him :—

1st. He wants a bill that *will be read*. Religious announcements are not commonly read.

2nd. He wants a bill that will be read by *the class* he



wants at his meeting—that is, drunkards, gamblers, harlots, blasphemers, thieves, and neglectors of God and salvation generally.

3rd. When read, he wants it to *attract them* to his meeting. Ordinary religious announcements he knows would only deter this class; therefore, he must, if possible, have an announcement of someone to appear, or something to be done, that will interest and attract. Consequently he will, doubtless, sometimes say things that may offend the refined taste or religious prejudices of better taught and cultured people; but, if he attracts and draws some poor outcast of society to the Cross, he praises God, and thinks he has done *a good thing*, and rejoices accordingly.

**What is the meaning of the motto “Blood and Fire,” inscribed on the Colours and on the Seal of The Army?**

It means the precious blood of atonement, by which only we are saved. The fire signifies the Holy Spirit, who sanctifies, energises, and comforts all who are true soldiers of God.

**Does not The Army set the new converts to speak immediately after conversion, and is not this a very dangerous proceeding?**

We often ask them to tell the people what the Lord has done for them as soon as they obtain mercy, and commonly expect them to make known the fact in the open air on the following evening. And so far from finding this to be a dangerous course, we find it has an excellent effect on the new convert himself.

1. In the full tide of his first love he breaks through that

aversion to speak about religion in public, which is more or less common to all.

2. It fully commits him to a life of salvation before all his companions, kindred, and friends.

3. God blesses him in doing it; and, having tasted the joy of doing good, he wants to do more.

4. The effect on others is excellent: it breaks down hardened sinners, and proclaims the ability and willingness of God to save, more effectually than any other method.

5. Moreover, it is *scriptural*. Christ practised this plan. He told the man out of whom he had cast the legion of devils to return at once to his own house and show how great things God had done for him. And he at once went his way, and published throughout THE WHOLE CITY how great things the Lord had done for him.—*Luke viii. 39.*

The Apostles also set the converts at once to testify and preach, for we read Acts viii. 4, that on the persecution under Saul—“*they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word.*” (See, also, 1st Cor. xiv. 22-24.)

**But are not many of the Officers, and others who take part in the meetings, very ignorant?**

Yes! they are unquestionably very deficient in *earthly* knowledge, but in this they are no worse off than were the early teachers of Christianity, because, according to their inspired acknowledgment, they were “*Only ignorant and unlearned men.*” It would be interesting to know how many of the early Apostles could either read or write when called to preach. But this did not prevent their preaching and teaching with greater success than many of their successors have done. But the mission of our Officers and

Soldiers is not to impart the knowledge of earthly, but of Divine, things. They do not, therefore, suffer on this account, and they are enabled in this respect to say with him who is sometimes described as the *great* Apostle—"We come unto you not with *excellency* of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the wisdom of God. And *our* speech and *our* preaching is not with enticing words of *man's wisdom*, but in demonstration of the *Spirit* and of *power*, that your faith should not stand in the WISDOM OF MEN, but in the POWER OF GOD."

**Is any kind of training given to the Officers previous to sending them to their Stations?**

Yes, a home under the direction of one of the General's daughters has just been commenced. It has in it now 25 inmates, and is being enlarged to contain 25 more. So great a blessing has this establishment been, that a similiar institution has just been opened for young men, which, when complete, will contain an equal number.

In these Institutions instruction is given in Bible History and Doctrine, with some little help in reading and writing; and all are trained in our various methods of warfare, house to house visitation, and management of meetings out-door and in; and, above all, the utmost devotion possible to God and the salvation of souls is urged.

**Is any systematic care taken of the health of the Officers?**

Yes; through the kindness of a friend, a house has been furnished at Matlock, where, when worn down or sick, the Officers find change, rest, and every attention.



**Is not the employment of women to preach contrary to the express teaching of Scripture ?**

**MOST DECIDEDLY NOT.** It is true that there is one solitary passage in Paul's writings which at first seems to favour such prohibition, namely, 1 *Cor.* xiv. 34, 35. But, rightly understood, this passage simply means that he, the Apostle, thought it a shame for a woman to take any part in the debates which were common in Jewish assemblies at that time, and also in the early churches. (See *Acts* xviii. 4-6; *Acts* xvii. 1, 4, 17; *Acts* xv. 5-7), and which are not uncommon now in meetings where the claims of Jesus Christ to be the Messiah are discussed. He thought it better that, rather than she should ask any questions there, or take any part in these unseemly debates, she should ask her husband for the desired information at home; but the Holy Ghost never intended the Apostle in this passage, or in any other to prohibit preaching or testifying for Christ.

1. Seeing that in the eleventh chapter of the same Epistle the Apostle lays down the exact dress regulations for women when they do preach.

2. That under the Old Dispensation some of the most eminent preachers and leaders of His people were women. They were allowed to be even Generals then. *Judges* iv. 4-10-11; *Kings* xxii. 14-20.

3. That the first officers He commissioned to carry the message of His resurrection were women. *Matt* xxviii. 9, 10.

4. That the same baptism of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost was given to women, and the Apostle Peter confirmed their Divine right to preach by quoting the prophecies of Joel respecting them *Acts* ii. 16, 18.

5. That there were female "helpers," "yokefellows," "labourers" with the Apostles in the early churches who preached the Gospel. *Phil.* iv. 3, *Rom.* xvi. 3, xiv. 12.

6. Philip, the evangelist, had four daughters, virgins, that did prophesy (or preach). *Acts* xxi. 8, 9.

7. Multitudes of women since then, in all lands, have been commissioned by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel and lead His people, which commission they have discharged with overwhelming success.

8. The Holy Spirit, in *Galatians* iii. 28, states that there is neither male nor female, but that all are one in Christ Jesus, thereby affirming that, in the privileges, duties, and responsibilities of Christ's Kingdom, all differences on account of sex are abolished.\*

**Is it consistent with female modesty for young women to be so public, and is it found safe for them?**

Perfectly so, and we have not found any evil consequences whatever resulting from it. We believe that a more decorous and modest body of women than our female officers is not to be found on the face of the earth. They are admired and respected by all who know them.

**Is it true that The Army does not duly esteem and sufficiently defer to the Word of God and cause it to be used in their assemblies?**

No it is not. We hold that the word of God is the one and only standard of faith and practice. It is the written exposition of the will of God, and we regularly read it in five

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\* See Mrs. Booth's treatise on this subject. May be had from Messrs. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London; or, by order of any bookseller. One Penny.

or six of our meetings, and more, every week. We urge all our converts to obtain a Bible at once, and to read and pray over it continually.

Is it true that there is no real teaching in The Army but that the converts have nothing more than a round of experience and excitement to maintain their faith ?

No ; this is an error. The converts at every Station have, from the outset, the most practical Scriptural teaching possible. They are taught, as far as they are able and willing to learn, all that concerns a life of separation from evil, unreserved devotion to the service of God, and the duty of sacrificing themselves to gain the salvation of the largest number of souls. In every place one night every week is set apart for this special personal dealing, when the meetings are for Christians only ; and, usually, the Sabbath morning or afternoon is given up to the same kind of instruction.

Is The Army opposed to Bible classes ?

No ; but we do not think that meetings conducted, as Bible classes ordinarily are, would be useful to our people. We consider that we are always teaching our people to lead such lives of holiness and devotion as are described and commanded in the Bible ; and, therefore, consider that we are *always* giving Biblical instruction. But we are opposed to all that teaching of the Bible which is merely *theoretical, speculative, and controversial*, and which has no bearing on the immediate experience and walk and warfare of our Soldiers. And we object to any outsiders bringing



in amongst us these speculative and non-essential questions. We say, we are doing a great work, and we cannot come down to discuss questions on which the most eminent doctors of divinity disagree. We counsel our Soldiers to leave these, until all God's enemies are conquered and saved!!

**What are the doctrines of The Army?**

Just those which are deemed essential to salvation by all the orthodox people of God. Utter ruin through the fall; salvation *alone*, from first to last, through the atonement of Christ, by the Holy Spirit; the great day of Judgment, with its reward of heaven for ever for the righteous, and hell for ever for the wicked.

For further information as to the evangelical character of our teaching, see "Practical Religion," by MRS. BOOTH.\*

**But have not objections been raised to persons directing the attention of penitents to passages in the Bible in the meetings?**

Perhaps so. But if they have, it has been when injudicious persons have sought to draw off the attention of some penitent from the living personal Christ with whom he was dealing. If a man wants forgiveness, let him go to God for it—speak to God, trust God, and God will speak directly to his heart. This is our plan.

**Is it true that Sinless Perfection is taught in The Army?**

*No, it is not true.* We affirm and teach that, judged by

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\* Messrs. Partridge & Son, 9, Paternoster Row. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

the perfection of the Law under which Adam was placed, man must remain always a shortcoming creature, full of infirmity, making mistakes, and subject to temptation to his dying day ; and, consequently, in this sense, he can never attain to perfection, but must ever trust to the Sacrifice once offered to cover his shortcomings, and to render his offering perfect before the Lord. Thank God, there is an altar which sanctifieth the gift.

**What is the teaching of The Army on the subject of Holiness ?**

We believe it is possible for God to create in man a clean heart ; that is, a heart from which the blood of Christ has cleansed away all unrighteousness, and that, when he has become the partaker of this great salvation, God can, and does work in him to will and to do of His own good pleasure, enabling him to love Him with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and his neighbour as himself.

**What is the meaning and use of the penitent-form, of which we read so much in " The War Cry ? "**

It is simply a form set out before all the people, where we invite those to come and kneel who have decided to forsake sin and serve God, and who want to have their sins forgiven. We do this in order that they may be counselled and prayed for.

**Is it not possible that some may be led to think they are Converted at these meetings when, really, they are only a little excited ?**

Doubtless there are many who think they are saved who

are only stony ground or wayside hearers; who are only pricked in their skin instead of their hearts. But this must not prevent our continuing to sow the seed and use those means which seem most likely to save the greatest number.

**But do the new converts stand? Is the work permanent?**

Many who profess to be saved, doubtless are only convicted; and many who appear to be really saved fall away, unable to stand against the power of old habits, the ridicule and persecution to which they are subject in their homes or workshops, or from other sources. But that multitudes do stand, is evident from the number of officers and soldiers now in The Army, the large numbers in the various churches, scattered throughout the world, and the multitudes who are already safe landed in Heaven.

**What is the cause of the uproarious proceedings, the violent persecutions, and the unseemly rioting that we read of in the newspapers and elsewhere?**

Exactly the same that makes the record of the labour of the early apostles of Christ a continual story of persecution, riot, and uproar, until it became a saying on their advent into any town, "These men that have turned the world upside down have come hither also."

More particularly, we may say that our bitterest opponents are the publicans. These never fail to stir up "lewd fellows of the baser sort," whenever they have opportunity, and herein is the secret of much opposition.

**Is there not a great deal of excitement in connection with the movement?**

Undoubtedly so; and it is impossible for any war to be carried on without much excitement, especially this war. Men cannot find out that they are terrible rebels against God—every moment in danger of the damnation of Hell—without being excited; and soldiers of the cross cannot look on their fellow-creatures laughing, dancing, sleeping, cursing, and swearing on the verge of the horrible gulf, without being moved to their very depths; nor can they rush in upon them with the offer of mercy, awake them from their slumber, drag them away from the burning gulf, and see them plunge in the fountain of mercy, without being themselves excited. There never was a *real work of God* without excitement. Read the accounts of Old Testament revivals as well as those since Pentecost. Excitement is allowed and welcomed in every other domain; in business, politics, music, and pleasure; in war it is deemed a necessity, and it is so here.

**Is The Army regularly organized? Many people say it is only a rope of sand.**

1. If by organization is intended a *regular system of government*, then The Army is organized, seeing that from one central head its authority reaches through varied grades of office, controlling and directing all, until it reaches the weakest and latest acquisition to its ranks. This system is not, as yet, perfectly acted upon; but the time is not far distant when it is confidently expected that every person who once enlists in our ranks, or who even acknowledges any



anxiety about his soul in our meetings, will be watched over ever afterwards.

2. If by organization is intended *that discipline or uniform obedience of all Officers and Soldiers which secures uniform action*, then we think that The Army is organized beyond that of most other bodies of Christians. We have 300 Officers, and thousands of the rank and file, who are so far disciplined as to regularly discharge any duty, or who are willing to go to any part of the world, simply at the word of command.

3. If by organization is intended *such settlement and fixedness of property by law as prevents its alienation from the objects for which it was first given and secured*, then we are sure The Army is organized. Not only is the property by law secured to The Army, but the character and government of The Salvation Army is declared and secured by a Deed Poll, enrolled in Chancery. In its buildings the poor must ever have an equal right to a seat with the rich, as no sittings can ever be let; the mouth of women can never be closed for the preaching of the Gospel; while none other than true salvation doctrines can ever be preached.

4. If by organization is intended a system by which *all the power and duties of those in office pass into other hands when those exercising such power and discharging such duties cease to be able or suitable to do so*, then The Army is organized, since every such precaution and care, legal and otherwise, have been taken, and are now being practised to accomplish this.

Is the property acquired by The Army secured to it ?

Yes, by legal deeds. Everything is so settled and enrolled that it cannot be dealt with otherwise than in the use and for the interests of The Army. Everything is secured by law, down to the furniture in the offices.

**Will not this movement result in the making of a new Sect?**

Not in the sense in which a new sect is ordinarily understood. It is not a Church after the fashion of the Churches, but an Army that is aimed at. That is a force, as real, as active, as self-sacrificing, and as much under control for Soul-saving purposes, as the ordinary military armies are for slaughter and destruction. There is evidently, at present, nothing after this model in existence, and if it be desirable and scriptural, it does not matter much what it is called.

**Are not many of the Clergy and Ministers of the churches very much opposed to The Army, and have they not openly condemned the movement?**

Yes! but this, fortunately, does not prove the movement to be wrong. The Bishops, Clergy, Ministers, and Laity, generally, were almost unanimously opposed to Wesley and Whitfield, and those who were with them in their holy campaign *at the time*. But now, from the Bishops downwards: High church, Low church, and Broad church, and all the churches combined, are unanimous in their praises of those holy men, and at convocations, councils, and conferences, the despised and rejected of a hundred years ago, are declared to have been sent of God for the reformation and salvation of the land!

**But have not some Clergymen, Ministers, and leading Philanthropists declared in favour of The Army?**

Yes, quite a large number; but these are mostly such as have been at the trouble to attend the meetings, and

inspect The Army for themselves. In many instances, the most inveterate prejudices have given way at the first visit and quite strong opponents have become inalienable friends. Is there any publication which gives full particulars of the history of the movement?

An interesting volume entitled "Heathen England and The Salvation Army,"\* describing the rise and progress of the work, can be had from Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., for the published price in stamps, as can all our publications, or by order of any bookseller.

Are there any other publications of The Army that give particulars of its present operations?

Yes, see list on the cover of this. *The War Cry*, a weekly newspaper, price One Half-penny, the recognized organ of the movement, will be sent, post free, every week for six months, if 2/2 in stamps be forwarded to Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

When The Army enters a town, does it contemplate a temporary or a permanent occupation?

We desire to make a permanent lodgement, and to raise up a force that shall continue the war, and go on increasing, until the whole district is overcome by it. This is a much more difficult and important task than merely holding a Mission, or conducting Revival Services. To make a raid, and capture a few prisoners, is a far less difficult task than the establishment and maintenance of a fort in the enemy's territory.

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\* Messrs. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

Then you regard The Army as an organisation that is to spread throughout the entire world and exist for ever?

**YES, TO SPREAD THROUGH THE ENTIRE WORLD, AND TO LAST SO LONG AS GOD HAS ENEMIES TO BE FOUGHT WITH AND OVER-COME.**

But without looking quite so far ahead as that, what will become of The Army when the present leader has passed away?

Every forethought has been exercised in view of this, and such legal and other arrangements have been made as will, we think, secure the continuance and progress of the movement. If the General were to be removed by death to-morrow, his successor, without a minute's delay, would step into his position, and we have not a question, but that the whole machinery of The Army would go on without a hitch.\*

**Has The Army any political character or aims?**

No. That is, it takes no part, either for or against any of the political parties. It teaches obedience to the laws and respect for the authority of the powers that be. Its

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\* Mr. Booth has already two sons and two daughters wholly given up to The Army; and so wonderfully has God inspired the whole of his large family with the spirit of this work, that the younger branches bid fair to become as zealous for its propagation as their parents have been; besides which, many superior minds are developing and shaping daily for the guidance and perpetuity of the movement.



great business is to make all men holy, and wherever it succeeds in this, it succeeds in making good citizens and loyal subjects.

“Honour all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the king.” 1 *Peter* ii. 17.

**Is The Army hostile to the existing evangelical denominations ?**

Just the contrary. Numbers of its converts go to swell the membership of the churches. Close upon 800 persons converted and trained in its ranks have been engaged by other different religious organizations, as Evangelists, Ministers, Missionaries, Students, Colporteurs, Bible-women, and the like.

**Does The Army recruit its ranks from those of the surrounding churches ?**

No. It openly avows its objection to accept as members any who belong to any of the churches, preferring the uncared for, and going to them and adapting, as it has been shown, all its invitations and measures to meet *their* tastes and attract *them* to its meetings.

**Does this enterprise present any extraordinary plea for the prayers and financial help of Christians generally ?**

After reading the foregoing, we think, dear friend, you will be prepared to answer this question with a hearty affirmative, and also assent to the following:—

1. The Salvation of God is the great remedy for all the spiritual, mental, and most of the physical miseries of mankind.

2. God has raised up The Salvation Army, and made it a chosen agency for conveying this Salvation to the lowest and worst.

3. It is, therefore, most desirable not only to sustain its present operations, but greatly to extend them.

4. To do this, notwithstanding its self-sustaining practice and principles, considerable financial co-operation is required.

5. That such is the burden and anxiety devolving upon those who are responsible for the oversight and direction of this great movement, that it is of the utmost importance that they should be relieved from the anxiety and care caused by financial straitness.

The GENERAL will be glad to correspond with any friends on the subject of this pamphlet, answering any questions or giving any information.

Contributions may be forwarded by Cheques or Post Office Orders to the REV. WILLIAM BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., the latter made payable to WILLIAM BOOTH at the General Post Office; and please write across the face of either Cheque or Post Office Order the words "National Provincial Bank of England."

All contributors are requested to give their name and address (stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), even if not for publication, so that their contributions may be acknowledged direct to themselves.

## An Outsider's Testimony concerning our Teaching.

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"It seems to me one of the most important, as it is, also, one of the most prominent, characteristics of your practice and preaching is *Dependence* on "the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven." Relying upon His power on the hearts of your hearers, you are bold to press upon them, without respect of persons, or qualifying of terms, God's unsparing demands. For, *with* these, you present to them the Power available at once, and always, to meet and obey them. Whatever propensities have hold of a man—whatever be the special forms of the law of sin and death by which he is enslaved, you hesitate not to assert the present sufficiency to "set him free, of the law of the Spirit of Life," nor to bid him, *now* and always, "Walk in the Spirit, and you shall not fulfil the lust of the Flesh." All your Scripture-teaching is of this definite "*Present-Tense*" kind, not aiming to give abstract (much less speculative) information; but to enforce obedient living. All your efforts seem directed to bring those whom you instruct to *take* each step in the way of peace, *as* it is shewn them by the Holy Spirit from the Word of God. The first of these steps—"Come out"—is, I believe, urged upon all present, at every meeting you hold. And the act of public confession and allegiance committing one to break with the past, "*and be separate*," is followed up by your plan of requiring daily attendance at meetings for drill or service. Two results are thus obtained. New occupations engross the man's evenings and his energies, whilst between him and his old haunts, ways, and associates, there is a great gulf fixed. Every convert is made in private and in public, a daily witness for Christ."

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

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*I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Rev. WILLIAM BOOTH, The General of THE SALVATION ARMY, 101, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C., or other The General of The Army for the time being, his successor, the sum of*

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*free of Legacy Duty,\* to be raised and paid by and out of any part of my estate which by law I may or can charge with the payment of the same, such sum to be applied towards the carrying on the work of and for the general purposes of The Salvation Army.*

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# ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT :—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G.

WEDNESDAY, 22ND MARCH, 1882,

## BERLIOZ'S FAUST

### CHARACTERS:

Margarita.....Madame MARIE ROZE.

Faust .....Mr. VERNON RIGBY.

Brander .....Mr. HENRY PYATT.

Mephistopheles .....Mr. FREDERIC KING.

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CONDUCTOR - MR. BARNBY.

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GOOD FRIDAY, 7th April, at 7.  
“MESSIAH.”

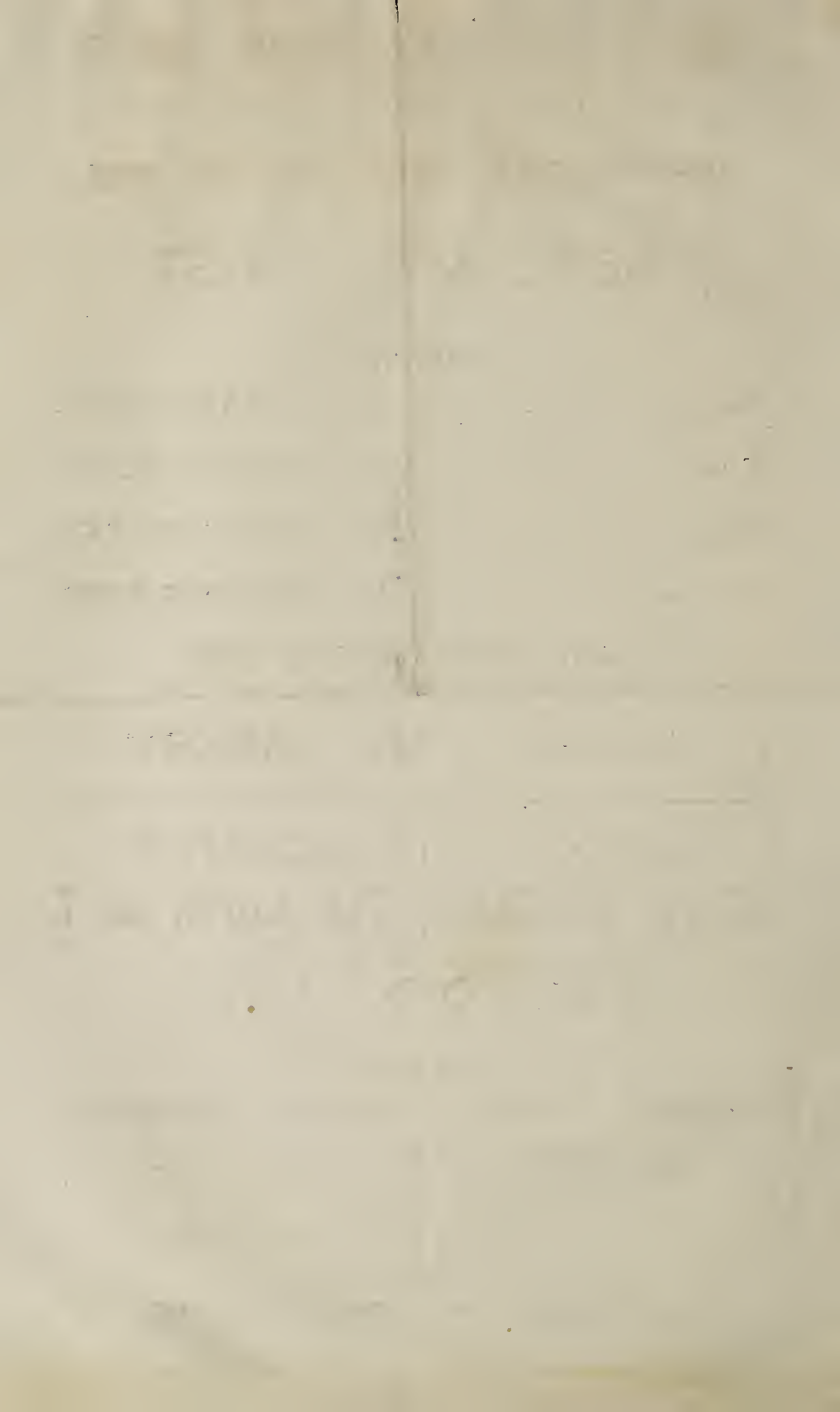
### ARTISTS:

Madame ALBANI,      Madame ENRIQUEZ,  
Mr. JOSEPH MAAS,      Signor FOLI.

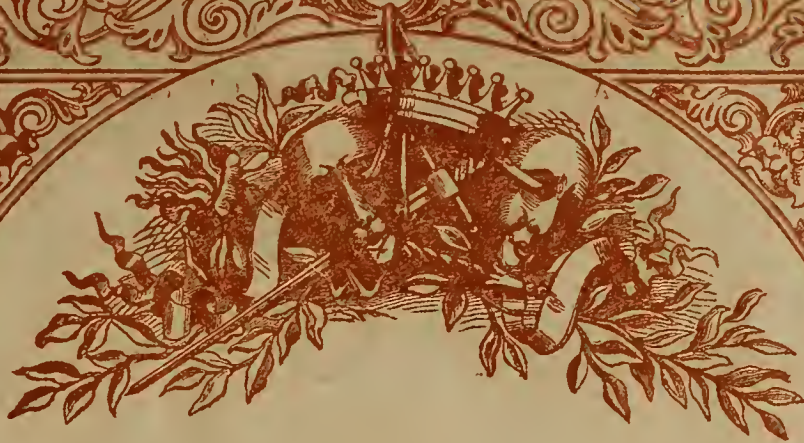
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Admission - ONE SHILLING.







ROYAL

# Lyceum Theatre.

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*Sole Lessee and Manager,*

MR.

*HENRY IRVING.*

---

## ROMEO

AND

## JULIET.



THIS EVENING, MONDAY, MARCH 20th, 1882,

AT A QUARTER TO EIGHT O'CLOCK,

WILL BE PRESENTED

Shakespeare's Tragedy,

# ROMEO

AND

# JULIET.

Romeo	...	...	...	...	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Mercutio	...	...	...	...	Mr. W. TERRISS.
Tybalt	...	...	...	...	Mr. C. GLENNY.
Paris	...	...	...	...	Mr. G. ALEXANDER.
Capulet	...	...	...	...	Mr. HOWE.
Montague	...	...	...	...	Mr. HARBURY.
Friar Laurence	...	...	...	...	Mr. FERNANDEZ.
Apothecary	...	...	...	...	Mr. MEAD.
Prince Escalus	...	...	...	...	Mr. TYARS.
Benvolio	...	...	...	...	Mr. CHILD.
Gregory	...	...	...	...	Mr. CARTER.
Sampson	...	...	...	...	Mr. ARCHER.
Abraham	...	...	...	...	Mr. LOUTHER.
Balthasar	...	...	...	...	Mr. HUDSON.
Peter	...	...	...	...	Mr. ANDREWS.
Friar John	...	...	...	...	Mr. BLACK.
Citizen	...	...	...	...	Mr. HARWOOD.
Chorus	...	...	...	...	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.
Page	...	...	...	...	Miss KATE BROWN.
Nurse	...	...	...	...	Mrs. STIRLING.
Lady Montague	...	...	...	...	Miss H. MATHEWS.
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AND

Juliet ... Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Citizens of Verona, Men and Women, Relations to both Houses, Maskers,  
Guards, Pages, Musicians, Watchmen, Attendants, &c, &c.

---

*The Music, specially composed by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, will be executed by  
a selected Choir and full Orchestra,  
Under the direction of Mr. MEREDITH BALL.*



## Synopsis of Scenery.

—:O:—

### ACT I.

SCENE 1.	VERONA.	THE MARKET PLACE	...	...	HAWES CRAVEN.
SCENE 2.	VERONA.	LOGGIA OF CAPULET'S HOUSE	..		"
SCENE 3.	VERONA.	BEFORE CAPULET'S HOUSE	...		"
SCENE 4.	VERONA.	A HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE	...		W. CUTHBERT.

### ACT II.

SCENE 1.	VERONA.	WALL OF CAPULET'S GARDEN	...		HAWES CRAVEN.
SCENE 2.	VERONA.	THE GARDEN...	...	...	"
SCENE 3.	VERONA.	THE MONASTERY	...	...	"
SCENE 4.	VERONA.	OUTSIDE THE CITY	...	...	"
SCENE 5.	VERONA.	TERRACE OF CAPULET'S GARDEN	...		"
SCENE 6.	VERONA.	THE CLOISTERS	...	...	"

### ACT III.

SCENE 1.	VERONA.	A PUBLIC PLACE	...	...	HAWES CRAVEN.
SCENE 2.	VERONA.	THE LOGGIA	...	...	"
SCENE 3.	VERONA.	A SECRET PLACE IN THE MONASTERY			"
SCENE 4.	VERONA.	CAPULET'S HOUSE	...	...	"
SCENE 5.	VERONA.	JULIET'S CHAMBER	...	...	W. CUTHBERT.

### ACT IV.

SCENE 1.	VERONA.	THE FRIAR'S CELL	...	...	W. TELBIN.
SCENE 2.	VERONA.	JULIET'S CHAMBER ( <i>Night</i> )	...		W. CUTHBERT.
SCENE 3.	VERONA.	THE SAME ( <i>Morning</i> )	...	...	"

### ACT V.

SCENE 1.	MANTUA.	A STREET	...	...	W. TELBIN.
SCENE 2.	VERONA.	THE FRIAR'S CELL	...	...	"
SCENE 3.	VERONA.	CHURCHYARD WITH THE TOMB OF THE CAPULETS	...	...	"
SCENE 4.	VERONA.	THE TOMB	...	...	"

The Curtains painted by Mr. W. HANN.

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The intervals after each Act are—1st Act, 10 minutes; 2nd Act, 7 minutes; 3rd Act, 6 minutes; 4th Act, 10 minutes.

---

Stage Manager,       -       -       -       Mr. H. J. LOVEDAY.





The Bill of the Play is—in every part of the House supplied without charge.

No Fees of any kind are permitted, and Mr. IRVING trusts that in his endeavour to carry out this arrangement, he may rely on the co-operation of the Public, who are requested, should there be any cause of complaints, or especial satisfaction, to refer at once to the Acting Manager.

---

The only authorized book of Mr. Irving's acting version of ROMEO and JULIET, is to be had in the Theatre, and at Messrs. Bickers & Son, 1, Leicester Square, Price One Shilling.

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DOORS OPEN AT 7.15,  
PERFORMANCE COMMENCES AT 7.45 AND FINISHES AT 11.15.

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**NO FEES OF ANY KIND.**

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*Acting Manager, - - - Mr. BRAM STOKER.*

---

Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 4s.;  
Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.  
Private Boxes, £1 11s. 6d. to £4 4s.

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*Box Office open 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH HURST,  
of whom Seats can be booked Two Months in advance, also by Letter or  
Telegram.*





# Westminster Abbey.

APRIL, 1882.

## DAILY SERVICES (CHORAL) AT 10 A.M. AND 3 P.M.

Also Matins (not Choral) on Week Days at 8.30 A.M.; but on SAINTS' DAYS, during the School Term, at 7.45 A.M.

### SUNDAY SERVICES.

ON AND AFTER ADVENT SUNDAY, 1881,

### Holy Communion

EVERY SUNDAY

AT 8 A.M. AND AT NOON;

ALSO

ON CHRISTMAS DAY & ASCENSION DAY

AT 8 A.M. AND AT NOON;

AND ON OTHER FESTIVALS

(UNLESS OTHERWISE ANNOUNCED)

AT NOON.

### Choral Service and Sermon

AT 10 A.M. AND 3 P.M. EVERY SUNDAY.

		Special Psalms or Hymns.	Chants.	SERVICE.	ANTHEM.	NOTICES.
Sunday 2nd.	10 A.M.			Benedicite...Turle in A. Jubilate and } Barnby in E. Continuation }	No. 558. (St. Matt. xxi. 9.) <i>Gounod</i> . "Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord."	Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and at Noon.
(Sunday next before Easter.)	3 P.M.	Hymn before Ser- mon at 3— "When our heads are bowed with woe."	See "Arrangement" in "Westminster Abbey Chant Book." (New Edition.)	Elvey in A.	No. 251. (Isa. lxiii. 1.) <i>Arnold</i> . "Who is this that cometh from Edom."	Special Service in the Choir at 7. Preacher—Rev. W. Page Roberts.
Monday 3rd.	10 A.M.			The Services throughout this week till Easter Eve are <i>not</i> Choral. Special Sermons at 3 p.m. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.		Sermon at 3 by Rev. Francis Garden, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal.
(Monday before Easter.)	3 P.M.					
Tuesday 4th.	10 A.M.					
(Tuesday before Easter.)	3 P.M.					Sermon at 3 by Rev. M. S. A. Walrond, Vicar of St. Lawrence, Jewry.
Wednesday 5th.	10 A.M.					
(Wednesday before Easter.)	3 P.M.					Sermon at 3 by Rev. Prebendary H. Jones, Rector of St. George's in the East.
Thursday 6th.	10 A.M.					Sermon at 3 by Rev. W. G. Gent, (University College, Oxford.)
(Thursday before Easter.)	3 P.M.					
Friday 7th.	10 A.M.					Sermon at 10 by Canon Prothero.
(Good Friday.)	3 P.M.					Sermon at 3 by the Dean.
Saturday (Easter Even.) 8th.	10 A.M.				DECANI.	
(Easter Eve.)	3 P.M.			Attwood in D.	No. 448. (I. St. Pet. i. 3.) <i>Wesley</i> . "Blessed be the God and Father."	High Service p.m.
Sunday 9th.	10 A.M.	Hymn for "Venite." Proper Pss. a.m. 2, 57, 111.		Garrett in D throughout. As Introit..."Easter Hymn."	No. 530. (I. Cor. xv. 20.) <i>Elvey</i> . "Christ is risen from the dead."	Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and at Noon. High Service a.m. and p.m. Athanasian Creed. Sermon at 10 by the Dean. Sermon at 3 by Bishop of Ely.
(Easter Day.)	3 P.M.	Proper Pss. p.m. 113, 114, 118. Hymn before Ser- mon at 3— "Jesus Christ is risen to day."		Smart in F.	No. 165. (I. Cor. xv. 51.) <i>Handel</i> . "Behold, I show you a mystery." "The trumpet shall sound" and "Hallelujah."—(No. 172.)	Notice.—The Special Evening Services in the Nave at 7 will commence on Sunday, April 16th. Preacher—The Dean.

S. FLOOD JONES, M.A., *Precentor*.



# S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

## ORDER OF SERVICE

ON

## TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK

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*The people are requested to remain in their  
places till the conclusion of the Service*

---

Printed by

SPOTTISWOODE & CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON

1881

*The English translation and adaptation of Bach's  
Passion Music was made by MISS H. F. H. JOHNSTON. It  
is here printed by permission of MESSRS. NOVELLO.*



## ORDER OF SERVICE ON TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK.

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*The People all kneeling upon their knees, the Minister and  
Clerks shall sing,*

MISERERE MEI, DEUS, Ps: 51.

**H**AVE mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness: according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever before me.

Against Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified in Thy saying, and clear when Thou art judged.

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

But lo, Thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

Turn Thy face away from my sins: and put out all my misdeeds.

Make me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Thy presence : and take not Thy holy Spirit from me.

O give me the comfort of Thy help again : and stablish me with Thy free Spirit.

Then shall I teach Thy ways unto the wicked : and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou that art the God of my health : and my tongue shall sing of Thy righteousness.

Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord : and my mouth shall shew Thy praise.

For Thou desirest no sacrifice, lese would I give it Thee : but Thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit : a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt Thou not despise.

O be favourable and gracious unto Sion : build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-offerings and oblations : then shall they offer young bullocks upon Thine altar.

Glory be to the Father, &c,  
As it was in the beginning, &c.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

*Christ, have mercy upon us.*

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, &c.

*Minister.* O Lord, save Thy servants ;

*Answer.* That put their trust in Thee.

*Minister.* Send unto them help from above,

*Answer.* And evermore mightily defend them.

*Minister.* Help us, O God our Saviour,

*Answer.* And for the glory of Thy Name deliver us ; be merciful to us sinners, for Thy Name's sake.

*Minister.* O Lord, hear our prayer,

*Answer.* And let our cry come unto Thee

*Minister.* Let us pray.

**O** LORD, we beseech Thee, mercifully hear our prayers, and spare all those who confess their sins unto Thee; that they, whose consciences by sin are accused, by Thy merciful pardon may be absolved; through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

**O** MOST mighty God, and merciful Father, who hast compassion upon all men, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made; who wouldest not the death of a sinner, but that he should rather turn from his sin, and be saved; Mercifully forgive us our trespasses, receive and comfort us, who are grieved and wearied with the burden of our sins. Thy property is always to have mercy; to Thee only it appertaineth to forgive sins. Spare us, therefore, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou has redeemed; enter not into judgment with Thy servants, who are vile earth, and miserable sinners; but so turn Thine anger from us, who meekly acknowledge our vileness, and truly repent us of our faults, and so make haste to help us in this world, that we may ever live with Thee in the world to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

*Then shall the people say this that followeth, after the Minister.*

**T**URN thou us, O good Lord, and so shall we be turned, Be favourable, O Lord, Be favourable to Thy people, Who turn to Thee in weeping, fasting, and praying. For Thou art a merciful God, Full of compassion, Long-suffering, and of great pity. Thou sparest when we deserve punishment, And in Thy wrath thinkest upon mercy. Spare Thy people, good Lord, spare them, And let not Thine heritage be brought to confusion. Hear us, O Lord, for Thy mercy is great, And after the multitude of Thy mercies look upon us; Through the merits and mediation of Thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

## THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

*(The Congregation is requested to remain standing during those pieces marked †.)*

† *Chorus*.—Come ye daughters, weep with me.  
Behold him ! ‘whom ?’ the Bridegroom.  
See Him ‘how ?’ as like a lamb.  
See ‘what ?’ His innocence.  
Look ‘look where ?’ on our offence.  
See Him filled with love intense,  
Bearing the accursed tree.

O Thou, begotten Son of God  
Before all time begun,  
O Jesu Christ, God, Lamb of God,  
The Father’s only Son,  
Have mercy, Thou that tak’st the sins  
Of all the world away.  
Have mercy upon us, O Jesus !

† *Recit.*—When Jesus had finished all these sayings, He said to His Disciples, Ye know that after two days is the Passover, and the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified.

† *Chorale*. O blessed Jesus, what is Thy transgression ?  
That Thou must suffer all this vile oppression.  
What is Thy guilt ? into what erring way  
Did Thy blest footsteps stray ?

*Recit.*—Then assembled together the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders of the people unto the palace of the high priest, who was called Caiaphas, and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtilty, and kill Him. But they said,

*Chorus*.—Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people.

*Recit.*—Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came to Him a woman having



an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on His head as He sat at meat. But when His disciples saw it, they had indignation and said,

*Chorus.*—To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and have been given to the poor.

*Recit.*—When Jesus understood it, He said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon Me. For ye have the poor always with you; but Me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on My body, she did it for My burial. Verily I say to you, Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial.

*Air.*—Thou blessed Saviour, Thou  
When Thy disciples vainly strive,  
Because this pious woman  
With ointment sweet, Thy Flesh  
For burial will prepare;  
Still grant to me, meanwhile, O Lord  
That I, with ever-flowing tears  
A water o'er Thy head may pour.

*Air.*—Grief for sin rends the guilty heart in twain.  
May the tears that drop from my weeping eyes,  
Be to Thee, O gracious Lord, a pleasing sacrifice.

*Recit.*—Then went one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, unto the chief priests, and said, What will ye give me, and I will deliver Him unto you? And they promised to give him money. And from that time he sought opportunity that he might betray Him.

*Recit.*—Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto Him,

*Chorus.*—Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the Passover?

*Recit.*—He said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith to thee, My time is at

hand ; I will keep the Passover at thy house with My disciples. And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them ; and they made ready the Passover. Now when the even was come, He sat down with the twelve. And as they did eat, He said, Verily I say to you, that one of you shall betray Me. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto Him.

*Chorus.*—Lord, is it I ?

† *Chorale.*—My sin it was which bound Thee,  
 With anguish did surround Thee,  
 And nail'd Thee to the tree ;—  
 I must in hell have groaned  
 And my sad fate bemoaned ;  
 But Jesus, Thou hast died for me !

† *Recit.*—He answered and said, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray Me. The Son of man goeth as it is written of Him ; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed ! it had been good for that man, if he had not been born. Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said, Lord, is it I ? He said unto him, Thou hast said. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, blessed, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is My Body, and He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it. This is My Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins. I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom.

† *Air.*—Although mine eyes with tears o'erflow,  
 Because my Saviour leaves me now,  
 My heart rejoices in His Testament,  
 His flesh and blood, most precious gift !  
 To me bequeaths He in my hand.  
 As He His own did love while here He sojourn'd,  
 Though now He reigns in Heaven,  
 He loves them still unto the end.

† *Air*.—Jesus, Saviour, I am Thine,  
 Come and dwell my heart within,  
 All things else I count but loss,  
 Glory only in Thy cross,  
 Dearer than the world beside,  
 Is the Saviour who hath died.

† *Recit.*—And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives. Then saith Jesus unto them, All ye shall be offended because of Me this night: for it is written, I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. But after I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee.

† *Chorale*.—O Lord, Thy love's unbounded,  
 So full, so sweet, so free;  
 My thoughts are all confounded,  
 Whene'er I think of Thee.  
 For me Thou cam'st from heaven  
 For me to bless and die:  
 That, purchas'd and forgiven,  
 I might ascend on high.

*Recit.*—Peter answered and said unto him, Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended. Jesus said to him, Verily I say unto thee, that this night before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice. Peter said unto Him, Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee. Likewise also said all the disciples.

† *Chorale*.—Though all men should forsake Thee,  
 Yet will not I, O Lord;  
 Though death should overtake me,  
 I'll not deny my God.  
 Since sorrow, pain, and anguish  
 Thou didst endure for me,  
 Till I in death shall languish,  
 Myself I'll give to Thee.

*Recit.*—Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith to the disciples, Sit ye here

while I go yonder and pray. And he took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith Jesus to them, My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death: tarry here, and watch with Me.

*[Here will be a short pause for private prayer and meditation, the congregation kneeling.]*

*Air and* } O grief! Now pants His agonising heart:

*Chorus.* } It sinks within,—how pale His countenance!

They lead Him to the judgment hall;

None there is found to comfort Him.

The powers of darkness now assail Him.

While murd'rous men prepare to seize Him.

My Saviour! O, could my feeble love

Thine agony and sorrow

Assuage or help to endure,

With joy would I now watch with Thee.

*Chorus.*—O Saviour, why must all this ill befall Thee?

My sin, alas! from highest heaven did call Thee:

'Tis I, O Lord, who from Thy paths have swerved

And death deserved.

*Recit.*—And He came to the disciples, and found them sleeping, and said to Peter, What, could ye not watch with Me one hour? Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away again, prayed, and said, My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done!

† *Chorale.*—O Father, let Thy will be done!

For all things well Thou doest;

In time of need refusest none,

But helpest e'en the lowest.

In deep distress, Thou still dost bless,

In wrath rememb'rest mercy;

Who trusts in Thee, shall ever be

In perfect peace, from danger free.



*Recit.*—And He came and found them asleep again, for their eyes were heavy. And He left them, and went away again and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then cometh He to His disciples, and saith to them, Ah! will ye now sleep and take your rest? behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Arise! let us be going: behold he is at hand that doth betray Me. And while He yet spake, lo, there came Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and with staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed Him had given them a sign, and had said, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He: hold Him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, hail, all hail, O Master; and kissed Him. And Jesus, said unto him, My friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took Him.

† *Duet &* } My Saviour Jesus now is taken,

*Chorus.* } Moon and stars

Now refuse to yield their brightness

Because my Saviour Christ is taken.

They lead Him captive at their will.

‘Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not?’

Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared!

Now open, O bottomless pit, with Thy terrors;

Destroy them and spoil them,

Devour them, and crush them with sudden rage,

The treach’rous betrayer, the murderous throng.

*Recit.*—And they that had laid hold on Jesus led Him away to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and elders were assembled. And the high priest said unto Jesus, I adjure Thee by the living God, that Thou tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus said unto him, Thou hast said: yet I say unto you, hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest rent his clothes, and said, He hath

spoken blasphemy ; what further need have we of witnesses ? behold, now ye have heard His blasphemy. What think ye ? They answered and said,

*Chorus.*—He is guilty of death.

*Recit.*—Then did they spit in His face and buffeted Him ; and others smote Him with the palms of their hands, saying,

*Chorus.*—Oh ! tell us Thou Christ, who now smote Thee ?

† *Chorale.* O Lord, who dares to smite Thee ?

Thus falsely to indict Thee,

Mock and abuse Thee so ?

Thou never need'st confession,

For Thou know'st no transgression

As we and all our children know.

*Recit.*—Now Peter sat without in the palace : and there came to him a damsel, saying, Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee. But he denied before them all, and said, I know not what thou sayest. And when he was gone out into the porch, another maid saw him, and said to them that were there, This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth. And again he denied with an oath, I do not know the Man. And after a little while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter,

*Chorus.*—Surely thou also art one of them, for thy speech bewrayeth thee.

*Recit.*—Then began he to curse and to swear, I know not the Man ; and immediately the cock crew. And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.

*Air.*—‘Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble : my strength faileth me because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed.’

† *Chorale.*—Commit thy ways to Jesus,

Thy burdens and thy cares ;

He from them all releases,

He all thy sorrow shares.

Who gives the winds their courses,  
 And bounds the ocean's shore,  
 Will suffer not temptation  
 To rise beyond thy power.

*Recit.*—Now at that feast, the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would. And they had then a prisoner, a notable one, called Barabbas. But the chief priests and the elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said,

*Chorus.*—Barabbas!

*Recit.*—Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all said,

*Chorus.*—Let Him be crucified!

† *Chorale.*—Mysterious act of God's Almighty mercy!  
 Condemned to death, behold the Lord of Glory.  
 To fall'n and sinful man God pardon offers,  
 While Jesus suffers.

*Recit.*—The governor said, Why, what evil hath He done? But they cried out the more, and said,

*Chorus.*—Let Him be crucified!

*Recit.*—When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, and said, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then answered all the people, and said,

*Chorus.*—His blood be upon us and on our children.

*Recit.*—Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered Him to be crucified.

*Air.*—All gracious God!

Behold the Saviour standeth bound.

What scourging! what stripes and wounds!

Ye murderers, stay your hands.

Are not your stony hearts now touched

By seeing such heart-rending anguish?

Ah no, ye have a heart  
That must be like the rock itself,  
And yet much harder too.  
Have pity, stay your hands !

*Air and* } See the Saviour's outstretched arm,  
*Chorus.* } Sinners to redeem from harm.  
Come. Come where? To Jesu's bosom.  
Seek salvation, freely offered.  
Seek it. Where? In Jesu's bosom.  
Live ye, die ye, *all* to *Him*,  
Take *His* yoke, and learn of Him.  
Rest. Where? In Jesu's bosom.

*Recit.*—Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried aloud, and said Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is, My God, My God, Why hast Thou forsaken Me? Some of them that stood there, when they heard that, said,

*Chorus.*—He calleth for Elias.

*Recit. and Chorus.*—And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. The others said,

*Chorus.*—Wait, let us see if Elias will come and save Him.

*Recit.*—But Jesus cried with a loud voice and departed.

† *Chorale.*—If I should e'er forsake Thee,  
Forsake me not, O Lord ;  
When sorrows overtake me  
Sustain me by Thy word.  
When death and hell assail me  
And rend my heart in twain,  
Then, Saviour, do not fail me,  
For Thou endured'st pain.

*Recit.*—And, behold, the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top unto the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent; and the graves did



give forth their dead : and there arose many bodies of the saints which slept, and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many. Now when the centurion, and they that were with him watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, and said,

*Chorus.*—Truly this was the Son of God.

*Recit.*—And many women were there, beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee ministering unto Him, among which was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children.

*Recit.*—When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, called Joseph, who was Jesus' disciple ; he went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered.

*Air.*—'Twas in the cool of eventide  
That Adam's fall was first made known :  
'Twas eve when God declared his punishment :  
'Twas eve when Noah first espied  
The dove, with olive-branch return ;  
O lovely time, thou evening hour !  
Man's peace is made and by his God forgiven,  
For now the bonds of sin are riven,  
His body sinks to rest.  
Go now, my soul, beg Thou His corpse,  
Go, let them give to thee the Saviour's body :  
O precious, costly memorial !

*Recit.*—Now the next day that followed the preparation, came the chief priests and Pharisees together to Pilate, and said,

*Chorus.*—Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while He was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Therefore command the grave to be made sure until the third day, lest His disciples come by night, and steal Him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead : so the last error shall be worse than the first.

*Recit.*—Pilate said to them, Ye have a watch: go your way, make it as sure as you can. So they went and guarded the grave with soldiers and sealed the stone.

*Soli and* } Now doth the Lord in peace recline,  
*Chorus.* } His troubles o'er, which for our sins He  
 long hath borne.

O weary sacred limbs,  
 See, how we lave them with our tears,  
 Who for our sins the cross hath undergone.  
 O let our praise to heaven ascend,  
 In gratitude for Thy redeeming blood.  
 Lord Jesus, fare Thee well!

† *Chorus.*—In tears or grief we here recline,  
 Murm'ring to Thee in the tomb:  
 Eternal peace be henceforth Thine!  
 Rest here now Thy weary limbs,  
 May Thy grave and tomb-stone be  
 As a calm refreshing pillow  
 To the anxious doubting conscience  
 Which may find its rest in Thee.  
 Passions lull'd—Hope return'd,  
 Here the weary close their eyes.

---

*Let us pray.*

ALMIGHTY God we beseech Thee graciously to behold this Thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

### *The Blessing.*

UNTO God's gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and for evermore. *Amen.*

# S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT, MARCH 26TH, 1882.

The Congregation is requested to join in the Singing throughout the Service.  
The Numbers refer to the Revised Edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

## AFTER THIRD COLLECT—HYMN, No. 256.

"Come unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest."  
O blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts opprest;  
It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of love that cannot cease.

"Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light."  
O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night;  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way;  
But He has brought us gladness  
And songs at break of day.

"Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life."  
O cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife;  
The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
But He has made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out."  
O welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt;  
Which calls us very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be,  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to Thee. *Amen.*

## BEFORE SERMON—HYMN, No. 263.

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,  
If thou wouldst My disciple be;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;  
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross then in His strength,  
And calmly every danger brave;  
'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

To Thee, Great Lord, the One in Three,  
All praise for evermore ascend;  
O grant us in our home to see  
The heavenly life that knows no end. *Amen.*

PREACHER:—Right Rev. the BISHOP of BEDFORD.

## AFTER THE SERMON—HYMN, No. 198.

O Jesu, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
Shame on us, Christian brethren,  
His Name and sign who bear,  
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us  
To keep Him standing there!  
O Jesu, Thou art knocking:  
And lo! that Hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,  
And tears Thy Face have marred:

O love that passeth knowledge  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal  
So fast to bar the gate!  
O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us never more. *Amen.*

FOR SUNDAY NEXT:—(PALM SUNDAY.)

PREACHER:—Ven. W. E. MATTHEW, Archdeacon of Colombo.

Hymns, 99, 106, 98.





LENT, 1882.

# WESTMINSTER ABBEY

## SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE IN CHOIR.

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT, APRIL 2ND, 1882.

RESPONSES ... .. *Plain Song.*

PSALM 22—TO CHANT NO. 6 ... .. *Barnby.*

THE LESSON.

NUNC DIMITTIS... .. *Turle in D.*

*After Third Collect.*

ANTHEM ... .. "O Saviour of the World" ... .. *Goss.*

(From the "Order for the Visitation of the Sick.")

"O Saviour of the World, who by Thy Cross and Precious Blood hast redeemed us, Save us, and Help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord."

## THE LITANY.

*Before Sermon.*

HYMN NO. 11 ... .. MORAVIAN TUNE (Page 34).

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone—  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne.  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

(*Toplady.*)

THE SERMON WILL BE PREACHED BY

THE REV. W. PAGE ROBERTS, M.A.,

*Minister of St. Peter, Vere Street.*

*After Sermon.*

HYMN NO. 18 ... .. *Eventide* (Page 42.)

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens, 'Lord with me  
abide;  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless! O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;  
Where is Death's sting? where Grave, thy  
victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks; and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

(*H. F. Lyte.*)

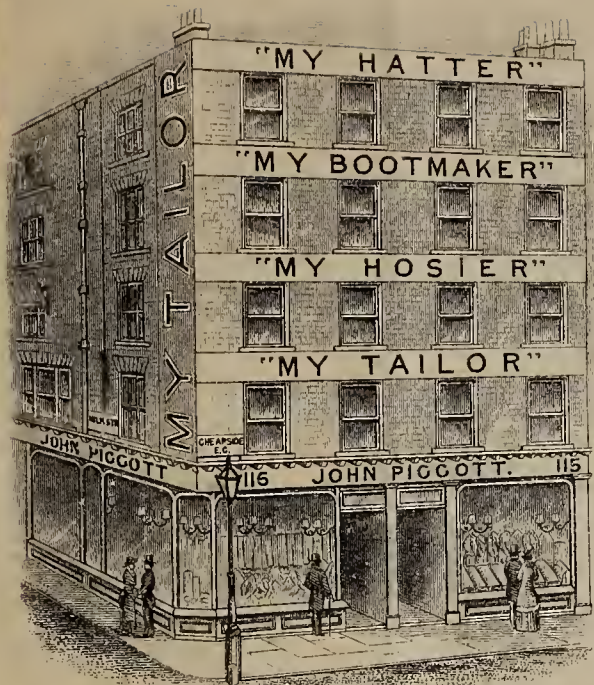
N.B.—The "Westminster Abbey Special Evening Service and Festival Book," "The Cathedral Psalter" (the pointing used in the Abbey), and the Westminster "Plain Song," are published by Messrs. Novello and Co., No. 1, Berners Street; and may be obtained of the Vergers in the Abbey.

NOTE.—The SPECIAL EVENING SERVICES in the NAVE will commence on SUNDAY, APRIL 16TH, when the Sermon will be preached by

THE VERY REV. THE DEAN.

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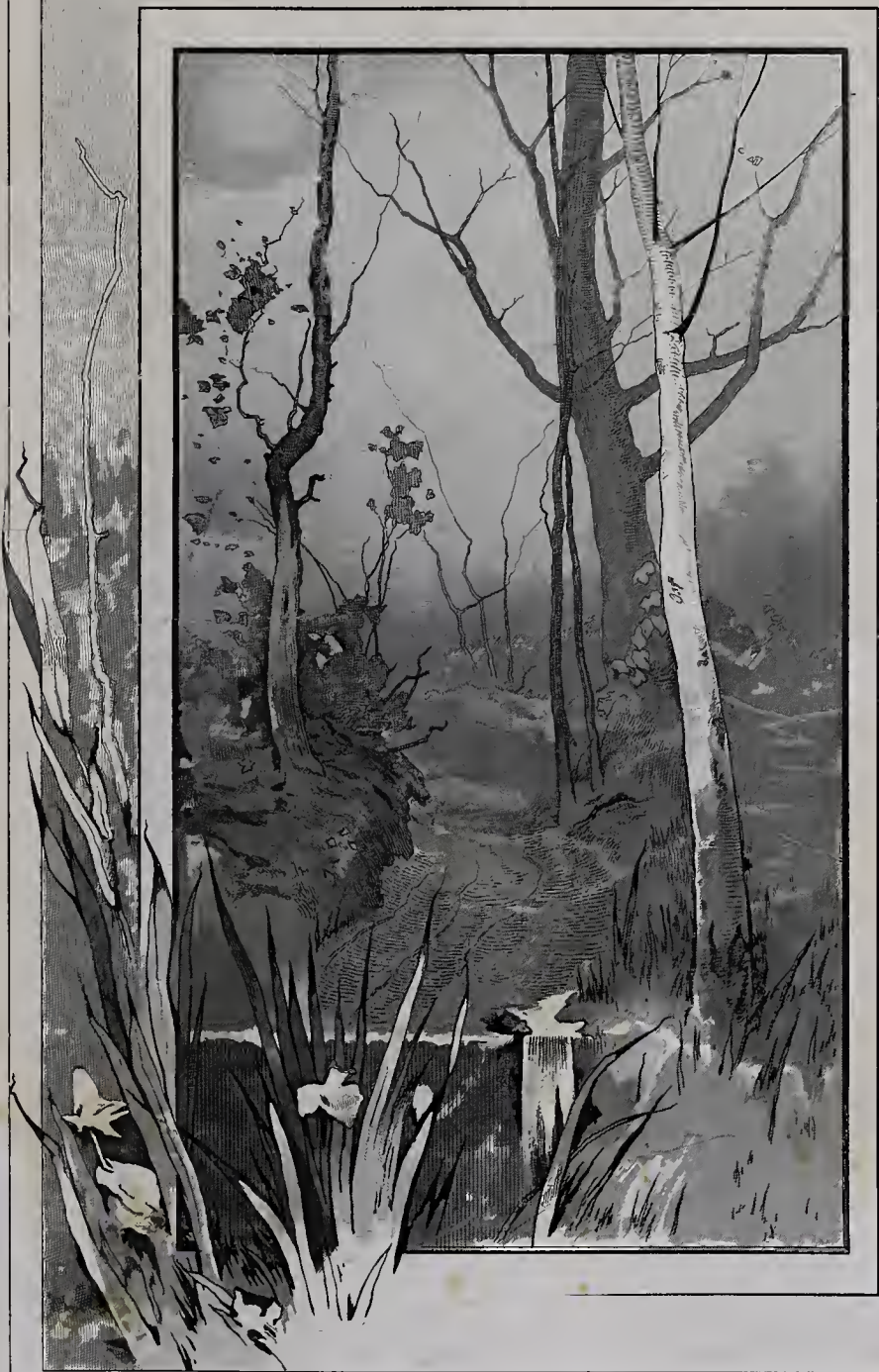


Watertown Mass. Tuesday February 28. 1882.

Nearly A month since (<sup>Feb 10</sup> ~~March 10~~) The National Union Bank of Boston (where I am the Book-keeper,) gave me a vacation of three months, in which to recover my health. They also generously allowed me my salary during my absence. Up to this date I had remained at home too ill to venture upon any journey; but to-day upon the advice of my physician I left Watertown for a voyage to England. I took the car at the Providence Depot for N.Y. remaining over one train at Pawtucket where I visited Henry and Emma Smith who loaded me with Guide books, a good blanket, a satchel and some excellent advice. I went to N.Y. via the Stonington route and arrived in the City about seven o'clock Wednesday morning, when I went immediately to the Cunard Steamer Servia, where I left my baggage, as the vessel did not sail until two o'clock P.M. It was a cold wet day and I purchased an umbrella, for I wanted to make the most, of this, my second visit to the great City. I roamed through Broadway, looked into the Old Book stores, and at some of the public buildings, called on Gilman & Tucker at Scribners and about two o'clock found my way to the S. S. Servia.

These English Steam ships seem to me marvels of invention. Their speed, their capacity and their almost apparent indestructibility are wonderful. The *Terria* is 530 ft. long and about 58 wide. I had assigned me room No 91. which was a little to the rear of the lower Saloon. It proved an exceedingly comfortable room. It was free of all odor either from the Cook or Engine room, and its distance from the deck made it more steady than were those above it, whenever the steamer rolled, with which it did almost continuously. My Cabin was a third Cabin, and I purchased tickets in Britain, for the voyage to and from England, from the Cunard agents, getting a discount from their regular rates. \$144 paid for my passage from N.Y. to Liverpool and the return from Liverpool. My room-mates, I soon learned, were Capt. Joseph Smith of Charleston West Va. and Englishman who was going to his old home to see his two children (his wife being dead) one of which his son was a midshipman in the English Navy<sup>and</sup>. The other mate was also an Englishman - W. H. S. Floyd - a commercial traveller; or drummer as we call them -







They both proved quite intelligent and agreeable. The "Captain" had crossed the Atlantic twenty four times. The "Lanetti" had crossed four times, and was sea-sick about half of every passage. For four or five days he lay in his berth and had his food brought him by the Steward. The jolly Captain suggested to me, that if Lloyd had a little more sand he would fight his stomach out on deck. We did not ~~leaf~~ leave our Pier until nearly three o'clock, and then in the midst of quite a storm. Hundreds of persons were on the landing, to witness our departure, waving hands and kerchiefs at their friends on board of the steamer, while a few were crying. I watched them till the distance made it impossible, and then turned towards the Dining Saloon. Here was a charming scene. The long tables were fairly covered with the finest and most beautiful of flowers. Baskets, wreaths, bouquets, etc. innumerable, all sent by friends of the passengers, to make as gracious as possible their departure for another world - the old world. Some of these charming offerings kept their color and their odor till almost the last day.



of our passage, but they somewhat ruffled the  
temper of a very genial and good-natured Steward  
who had every day to re-arrange them. At our  
dinner table we found a printed list of the passengers.  
There were about one hundred and sixty cabin-passen-  
-gers and a dozen or twenty Steerage ones. Quite a  
number of the Steerage passengers were Jews.  
I strolled to the forward part of the deck one morning  
where with some of the sailors, the steerage passengers  
were sunning themselves, and found that I had  
crossed a chalk line, made by the sailors, to recross  
which cost me a sixpence, a levy the sailors make  
upon the passengers who venture on this deck.

For four days the weather was unpleasant, almost  
a constant rain, and at times, it seemed to me, quite  
boisterous. I was very fortunate in one respect. The  
roughest sea did not disturb my stomach, - and I  
enjoyed every moment of the voyage. The sea  
itself was a novelty and a marvel to me. The  
wide expanse of water, its constant change and its  
power were ever my delight. I don't know if it  
was singular, or not, but never once did I feel the  
least degree of insecurity. I had more than an



implicit faith in the Steamer and in the Captain, for I had the faith that never gave a thought to the subject; and yet there was one day when the hills in the distance looked almost mountains high, and the waves dashed against <sup>our</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>on deck</sup> vessel, and into the port-holes of the Smoking Saloon.

The <sup>climate</sup> weather was at times so moderate that I had no use for an overcoat. Most of the passengers were daily on deck lounging in the deck chairs or walking about. Even the sea-sick ones would leave their rooms for the open air, and sit in some secluded place looking as wretched, as this most wretched of disorders could make them. Many of these invalids must have suffered every moment of the voyage, for even on Sunday, the first really pleasant day we had, - and with smooth sailing - they came on deck, the same pictures of despair. Our Steamer was so long that she pitched scarcely any but she rolled prodigiously. In going through the lower saloon one day I made a misstep and went head-long across the whole width of the Saloon, and my berth was so much too wide for me, that I wedged myself in every night with my valise to

present my rolling from one side to the other.

The smoking room was a favorite resort for many of the men, and there they sat and smoked and gambled - making pools on the run of the steamer and betting with cards. They were a pleasant company and many of them were New York merchants, but to one trained to the sterner New England habits these games of chance with their penalties were a little surprise. There was a festive man a Lord Dummore who was as eager and ready for these games as any one on board the steamer, and as near as I could discover, he was very rarely successful. One night I reckoned he lost a hundred dollars, and I heard him remark - when the money at stake reached four or five pounds, - that the heaviest bet he ever played for, was twelve hundred pounds (£1200), and ~~not~~ that was with Jas Hudson Bennett, who he said was a good fellow when he was sober. When about two days off from Liverpool I noticed the smoking room was very quiet. The card players had for some reasons stopped



their games, and upon enquiry, I learned that two professional Gamblers had been discovered who had been cheating at their games, and this little discovery had put a stop to all gambling - one of the professional men had given out that he was on a tour around the world & had <sup>4</sup>15000. with which to do it. The other was a Leadville merchant, a public spirited individual was now building a Church in Leadville for its inhabitants.

We passed Fastnet light early Thursday morning March 8<sup>th</sup> and when we were off Greenstown it was so foggy no steam tug came at our call, so we steamed on to Liverpool without leaving our ~~mail~~ London mail at Greenstown. We saw the Irish coast in a storm, and the view was anything but pleasant. The sail thro' the Irish <sup>nar</sup> was also a stormy one, but stormy almost to be on deck, but we made the river Mersey sometime in the night, for at six o'clock Friday morning I was on deck watching the dock lights of Liverpool as we slowly steamed into position. When the tug came for our passengers (after breakfast) two Policemen came with it, and took in custody the two Gamblers, ~~the~~ instructions having been sent by the earlier tug which took our mail. They were taken, I heard for cheating

at cards, but I overheard Lord Dumore say that he should not appear against them, as he did not want his name to appear in the papers so on reaching the shore they were set adrift. There was a jolly Irishman named Reid among our passengers who gave us a fund of amusement. He was married as well as a revolutionary and rather very witty, but inasmuch as he was once addicted to liquor the Surgeon had cut off his grog, that is forbade the bar-keeper to sell him anything stronger than ginger ale or lemonade. Of course his fellow passengers occasionally treated him, and I thought he fared very liberally but his constant complaints at his treatment were very amusing.

The *Fervia* averaged about 370 miles a day, and the betting men anticipated that some one of the days we should make 400 miles, but she did not reach this figure. She had to contend against head winds and storms almost all the way over, and this was a hindrance to her rapidity.

Friday Mch 10. At 7 1/2 A.M. I left the *Fervia* and went to the Liverpool Custom House where we were parcelled out alphabetically and our baggage examined by the Custom Officers. I had only two



ralies and soon escaped their hands - I then took the Ferry-boat to cross the River to Birkhead where I took the cars for Old Chester - which place I reached at eleven o'clock. I rode directly to "The Blossoms" an Inn recommended me by Dr Jones of Boston with whom I rode to Providence R.I. The sea voyage had not made me in the least sea-sick, but it had somewhat disturbed my bowels, and I was troubled with a slight relapse, so I went directly to bed on my arrival at "The Blossoms", and ordered for dinner a milk porridge - I hurried up the landlord to give my orders, but soon found that nearly all the business at the Inn was done by women -

My ride from Liverpool to Chester was of course a novelty. It was <sup>about</sup> ~~less~~ than twenty miles but it was my first ride upon English soil. I found the season very forward, the grass three or four inches high, primroses in bloom and some early vegetables showing their green above the earth. A farming man in the Car (3<sup>d</sup> Class) with me, said the season was all of it weeks forward - On my way, I passed some fine looking mansions, and an enquiry concerning one, elicited the fact, that its former owner was at

one time quite wealthy, but becoming interested in the Tichborne case and claimant, he invested all his property in Tichborne bonds, and of course lost it.

This old farmer, speaking of the soil hereabout, said "it was a cold starving one, but that another bit of earth would make it thrive" He saw some young lambs in a field & he said "Ah! I saw my first lamb and he had his face to me, and that is a good sign" Farm labourers, he told me, earned from twelve to fourteen shillings a week and out of this they had to pay their board. Many of the labourers supported families upon these small wages. I was disappointed in the scenery I rode thro. to Chertea; the meadows being diversified with scarcely any elevations, orchards and woods very spare and the ordinary houses of dull yellow brick two or two and half stories high & nothing picturesque or beautiful. Chertea itself was an agreeable surprise to me. Its antiquity captivated me at once. Coming from one of the oldest settlements in New England I had thought two centuries an uncommon epoch, but here now remains nearly two thousand years old.



I walked about the walls of Chester ~~where~~ the foundations of which were laid by the Romans and at every turn I came upon some relic of the old Roman conquest or occupancy of Eng. Britain. The walls are in extent about two and a half miles and are kept in repair by the <sup>the Emancipators of</sup> city, ~~whose~~ <sup>which</sup> takes a commendable pride in all its antiquities. Chester is, I think, the only wholly walled City in England. Of course the City has outgrown the walls and I should judge that not more than half its bounds were thus enclosed. At one of the Towers of the Wall I met an American gentleman with his wife & child - a boy about 12 yrs. - and on my return to the Hotel I found them at the Tea-table. We soon made each others acquaintance when I learned that he was the Superintendent of Agents for the Royal Insurance Co. and that his duties took him into every large town of England Wales & Scotland - His name was Ira Cornwall Jr. After a walk about the walls I strolled through the City looking at its old and quaint buildings and (to me) its odd signs. The Inns still bear the names of "Old Marie England", of England

when she believed in Bear-baiting and the  
rough & cruel sports of two hundred ago. There  
was the sign of, The Bears Paw, The Bear & Billitt  
The White Bear, The Bull & Stump, The Wags Head  
and The Hop Pole, and some of these Inns looked  
two hundred ~~the~~ years old. In many of the st<sup>s</sup>  
of Chert<sup>n</sup> the upper stories of the houses project  
over the lower and under some of these projections  
there is a walk raised four or five feet from  
the st<sup>s</sup>. and <sup>from</sup> these walks you enter stores, which  
open directly upon them. They are called  
Chert<sup>n</sup> Roads. The foundations of some of  
these houses date back centuries. In a wine  
store I was shown a crypt supposed to have  
been built in the 13<sup>th</sup> century. It was once used  
for religious purposes. Now used for the storing  
of wine. At another store was a crypt dating  
back to the 8<sup>th</sup> century. At a Stationary Store  
kept by Mrs Hyman I paid three pence and was  
shown into an old cellar, perhaps three or four  
feet below the street level, where was an old  
Roman Bath, the stone tub as perfect as when  
placed there; adjoining, but raised a little above



it was a portion of the hypocaust or sweating room. These old Romans build for eternity, it would seem, for this bath is in the solid stone and eighteen hundred years has left but little impress upon it. It is ~~common~~ interesting to imagine a people and an age so distant, that save their stone relics, scarce any memorial survives of them. Even the record of their British regime is scanty and extremely unsatisfactory.

I visited the Chertea Cathedral and was shown over it by a very witty and genial vergier. It is possible that the old foundations of this Church were laid as early as 1093. and an old Norman Crypt or vaulted chamber beneath the Church is shown as its oldest portion. This crypt until comparatively late years, was unknown, its entrance being walled up.

This was my first visit to an English Cathedral and I was of course somewhat wonder-struck with its size as well as its architecture. Compared my own New England Church, it is enormous. But for what purpose was it made so huge? Erected originally as an Abbey for the Benedictine Monks from Bec in Normandy, to pray (as the old Charter expresses it) for the soul of ~~King~~ William the King

to - at the dissolution of the Monasteries it was converted into a Cathedral Church. The monks were here provided with all the comforts and luxuries, that a priest-ridden people thought necessary to their spiritual demands. But were there monks numerous enough to occupy all the available room in this Abbey. And were even the inhabitants of this see together with their spiritual fathers numerous enough to fill the Choir, the Transepts and the Nave of this structure.

The front of the Choir is decorated with stone work dating back to the 14<sup>th</sup> Century and the wood about the interior of the Choir is of the same ancient date. The carved figures beneath the Choir seats are very odd and quaint, and indicate an earthly as well as a spiritual side to the old monastic artificers. Under one seat was a Sow with eight or ten sucking pigs, under another was represented a Monk chucking a Nun under her chin, a third represented a lover quarrel, as the bright Virger told us, while even the arms of the seats were carved into grotesque and brutish figures. The Virger has a pleasant story for every one

Chas Kingsley



he showed us, and I thought he had fairly earned the half crown I gave him for his information. I have since read in Hawthorne's account of his visit to Chertin, the same stories + which hints five years ago, probably the same finger was to Hawthorne -

In the afternoon I visited St-Johns Church which has in its rear, ruins of the oldest Church in Chertin. It is recorded that Ethelwerd agreed to lay the foundations of a Church where he should find a hind (deer) and an old statue among the ruins shows us this old King with a hind leaping up to him. High in the walls of some of these ruins I saw an old coffin hollowed out from an oak log, in which was once buried some old Monk or Saint, and then built into the wall. The cover of the Coffin was gone and the old shell was only an empty relic. In roaming through Chertin I came across the Bishops Palace, bearing date 1577 and its front covered with carved wood work. Another house called Gods Providence House, was a quaint specimen of carving + architecture. It has an inscription "Gods Providence is mine inheritance 1652". It is said that when the plague devastated this city this house was the only one exempt from its visitation.

Saturday March 11 I spent a portion of this morning  
in looking about the business part of Chert<sup>on</sup> and  
then rode to Beeston Castle, or rather its ruins, about  
six miles out of the city. This old Castle was built  
about 600 ~~to~~ years ago and stood thru 3 sieges during  
the Civil War. It stands upon a Bluff 100 feet  
above the road and is reached by a gradual <sup>rise</sup> from  
the base of the hill at the rear of the Castle. The  
old walls looked almost impregnable to the  
assaults that could be made three or four hundred  
years ago, but modern science has destroyed all the  
value of these 3 structures as strongholds. And yet  
compared with a modern gentleman's home, they  
must have been rather uncomfortable places for  
a residence, though they ~~are~~ doubtless were the finest  
of their time. Damp, poorly lighted and as badly  
ventilated, even the glumness which Scott has  
thrown about them would not make comfortable  
~~to remain~~ ~~was~~ a short residence in one of these  
ancient structures. I walked ~~about~~ about the  
vast enclosure, the walls of which are nearly all  
destroyed, and ~~he~~ tried to fancy the life which  
once gathered here. The old Lord with his



retainers, the men at arms, the chivalric knights of  
Scotti romance, the gay ladies, and all the vast array  
of servants and guests, which once did duty and  
pleasure within these walls. It was a pleasant picture  
to imagine, but I know that in spite of the sadness  
which ruins like these provoke, it is better far better  
for England - these ruins - than would be their  
restoration of these old castles, peopled again with  
the persons and the spirit of those old days.  
Lord Thomas who owns these ruins has built him-  
self a modern castle about a mile distant and I  
met my recent acquaintances Mr & Mrs Cornwall  
just returning from thence. They had been so  
fortunate as to taken over the modern building,  
Lord Thomas being at home, as the flag flying  
at the Castle Tower indicated.

Sunday March 12 I took the cars this morning to  
Queens Ferry, a ride of five or six miles out from Chester,  
and walked from thence, a distance of perhaps three miles  
to Harwarden Village and Castle, the home of Gladstone.  
Am not at all impressed, as yet, with English scenery.  
The ~~land~~ land was level and uninteresting, the  
farm house of yellow brick low and small as well

and not at all prepossessing. I noticed that a literary association had room in one of the blocks. Compared with a New England village it seemed dull sleepy and very antiquated. As I roamed over the grounds I found buttercups and daisies as well as violets in full bloom, and the greensward not very forward for the middle of March. I was much interested in the ruins of the old Castle ~~here~~ and spent an hour roaming over them, looking through underground arches, and into stone recesses or cells, and wondering of the life that once filled them, but I learned nothing of their age or origin of the Castle. On my return from these grounds I looked again into the Church, where I heard the Rector (Mr G) catechise the children of the Parish. The children were <sup>mostly</sup> those of farmers and labourers, and neither very tidy or clever in their appearance. The questions I thought, were the old Westminster Catechism ones, concerning the Fall of man, total depravity and man's redemption through Christ, and the Rector paced up and down the aisles of the Church asking all of the questions, and indeed answering most of them himself. I suppose these young minds were being fitted for confirmation.



On my way back to Chertin (I walked back)  
I overtook a young man who told me he was  
a Cooper and he was on his way to Ireland, to  
the fish region, where he could earn 30 shillings  
(<sup>4</sup> 7.50) a week out of which he paid for board 20. S  
20 shillings he says will keep a family leaving  
nothing for clothes. A Boiler maker I met with  
said he could earn 36 shillings a week but  
this was better than the average of his trade  
earnings.

Monday March 13. I visited this morning a school  
which was under the management of Methodists. It  
was a few steps from The Blossoms Inn. Chertin, and  
in apartments, which with our New England schools  
compare very unfavorably. The pupils were handing  
in to their Teachers, the weekly tuition fee of 4<sup>s</sup> or 6<sup>s</sup>  
each, according to the age of the pupil. The Government  
(I was told) allows a certain sum to all schools of  
this character, when their attendance and their  
grade reach a certain standard. The Boys department  
(for the sexes were taught separately) had 180 scholars  
The girls numbered about the same. Three classes  
were in one room, and were reciting at the same  
time to different teachers. The School appointments,

apparatus etc. were very poor compared with those of our Massachusetts schools, and yet as I looked over the work of the scholars, it compared very favorably with what I ~~saw~~ had seen at home.

The Principal of the Girls school thought it a little unfair that for doing the same work, she should get less than did the Master of the Boys School. She told me she had spent five years in a college preparing for her work. I told her that our schools were generally free, the State paying for them. She replied that she thought instruction that was paid directly for, was of the more value, as the parents themselves ~~were~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~thoroughly~~ felt the need of getting a fair return for their money.

I ~~noticed~~ noticed in the Girls school that the lessons in English literature were from Scott's Lady of the Lake, Goldsmith's Village, Wordsworth's Excursion, Cowper's Task, Thackeray's Geo. III. Carlyle's Death of Marie Antoinette and Macaulay's Death of William III. There was an Infant school attached where I saw two new cradles or beds for the sleepy ones, but I overlooked it.

at a lunch I obtained in a coffee room, I met



a Cheshire farmer with his little son. He had bought the farm where he now was, to prevent his oldest son from going to America. His principal business was the making of cheese which he sold at 7 pence (14 ct.) a pound. He pays 14 shillings a week for farm labor.

I left Chester this afternoon for York. Had for one of my companions, in the car, a carpenter, who told me he had a wife and five children and that he earned about 30 s. (£7.50) a week out of which he paid 5 s. a week for his rent. His father was a farmer who sold milk in Liverpool getting 2 pence a quart, out of which he had to pay the carriage. The retailer in Liverpool gets 4 pence the quart. The lumber yards were a novelty to me, a very few boards and pieces of timber constituting a stock in trade, and there were set on end their tops meeting & making a tent like structure. But lumber is a scarce commodity in England Norway and the United States being the principal sources of her supply. This accounts for nearly all if not quite all, of the houses here being of brick. At Leeds, a city of over 300,000 inhabitants. I had

to wait an hour, and so I looked a little about  
the City, which was a busy manufacturing one -  
Spent a half hour in a Museum which I found  
not far from the Station. It was a free one, sustained  
I suppose by the City, and it had a fine collection  
of natural history objects, as well objects of Art.

The pre-historic remains of man, taken from caves,  
and from Lake villages and casts of bones found  
in caves of Cro-Magnon France were quite interesting.  
The Third class car which I took when I left  
Leeds was as fine as any first class I had  
previously seen, but it ran only on a short route  
<sup>Here I first noticed the coal mines.</sup>  
As I neared Yorkshire I found the first hills  
of any size, I had seen. They were very  
peculiar in shape steep and bare of trees. There were  
four or five women in the compartment with me,  
and I enquired of one who had been quite talkative  
the names of several of these peculiar looking  
hills. She mentioned several, and then pointing  
to one just at hand, "this" she says "is S— hill  
and that's the name of it. A man came here  
some years ago and wanted to find "Dirty  
Mountain, and because he did not call it by



its right name, he went away without finding it, although he had been directly at its foot. I thought it an odd story to tell me, but the women in the car heard it unconcernedly, and I suppose the Yorkshire boys & girls grow up to know the hill by no other name. It was an accommodation train, that I travelled in, and I was constantly having new companions. Some of the Yorkshire dialect which I listened to, was as foreign to my understanding as words have been Greek. My entire ride from Chester to York was through one of the busiest manufacturing regions of England and the scenery was not at all inspiring or pleasant. Reached York late in the afternoon and leaving my valise at the station I walked up to the Cathedral and looked about the City a little before finding a lodging.

Tuesday March 14 I took lodgings at a small Inn or Restaurant on Parliament St and this morning took an early walk about the walls of York, which extend around only a portion of the City, which is another of the old English Cities founded or at least occupied by the Romans, At the Museum, not

far from the Railway station I saw many old Roman remains which had been found in and about this old City. Saw a few old houses as were seen in Chester, with quaintly carved fronts and over-reaching stories, in streets that were scarcely more than lanes. They looked very ancient and picturesque, but very uncomfortable. Took for City of 6000 inhabitants - seemed to me rather a quiet place. The streets were not active with business, stores never open till nine in the morning and closed early in the evening. Met for the first time with a band of the Liberation Army so called. They occupied a square in the principal St. and proclaimed their presence by a band of music, speeches songs and prayers. They were coarse and illiterate by but earnest, but the men and the women who made up the company I met were neat and respectable in appearance. In going about the Mall of York, I met, on one of the embankments, two men earning their livelihood with a jack-knife. One was whittling clothes-pins, the other was whittling skewers. Whittling is a Yankee trait 'tis said, but not a



Travels I know would winch to so little profit  
as did these poor fellows. I visited the York  
Cathedral and spent a good part of the afternoon  
in and about its walls. It is called the King of  
English Cathedrals, and its dimensions are  
immense. Its length is 524 ft. its breadth ~~was~~  
~~is~~ over 200 ft while its foundation dates back  
to 1200 A.D. and its stands <sup>upon ground</sup> ~~was~~ occupied by an ancient  
heathen temple where Edwin King of the Northumbrians  
began ~~an edifice~~ the erection of a Cathedral.  
Every old Stone Cathedral I have visited seems to  
have grown out of the remains of heathen or pagan  
temples. Perhaps the reverence or superstition that  
inspired these old builders, was as worthy in one  
religion as in another, but whether so or not, these  
marvels in architecture, indicate an intellectual  
development, in some directions superior to that of  
our day. The vast proportions of York Cathedral  
surprise me. Beside it the surrounding houses look  
like pigmies. While within, its majestic columns  
its long aisles and its marvellous windows,  
seem a very miracle of creation. Its carved  
Stone work with its minute tracery as well as

its quaint design were a constant delight to me.

The Organ is an elaborate as well as wonderful piece of work. It dates back to about the beginning of the 16<sup>th</sup> century. It is all of stone - the lower part having fifteen compartments in which stand statues of the Kings of England from William the Conqueror to Henry the 8<sup>th</sup> while its ornamentations consist of quaint designs, those odd and not all together appropriate images, which the old monastic artists seemed so much to delight in. This Cathedral is rich, very rich in its stained glass windows, one hundred it is said being of ancient device and workmanship while only six are of modern date. The noble east window is 75 ft high + 32 ft broad and richly embellished with scriptural stories. Then there are the five sisters, so called - one large window, apparently, with five compartments, <sup>there are</sup> ~~each of them~~, being the design of five maidens sisters of York, made while their cavaliers were doing duty in the Crusades. Dickens in Nicholas Nickleby tells the story of their labor + their trial. York Minster is finely situated and its towers 213 ft in height are a grand ornament to the city upon



which the Cathedral is located - I climbed the  
Central Tower, and looked over the surrounding  
country, the view ~~of~~ well repaying the labor of the  
journey. I spent a day wandering about the  
old city, looking into its book stores etc. Found it  
was a famous place for the manufacture of confectionery.  
Beyond its antiquities York itself did not seem very  
interesting. I recalled it as the old home of  
Robinson Crusoe, and the place where Harold gained  
his last victory, his next encounter being with  
William the Conqueror at Hastings. Before I  
left York I visited the Museum which contains  
many specimens of old Roman remains as well as  
ancient British and Anglo Saxon antiquities. This  
Museum is situated in the same enclosure with  
the ruins of a Roman Tower, St. Marys Abbey,  
dating from 1088. and near the Yorkshire School for  
the Blind which was once the ~~Manor~~ <sup>Manor</sup> house,  
built by order of Henry the VIII who resided in it  
for a few days. In 1633. Charles the first, was  
crowned in it. The ~~Station~~ Railway  
Station at York is called one of the finest  
in England. It covers an immense territory and  
is roofed with glass.

Wednesday March 15. 1882 I left York at eight  
o'clock this morning <sup>for Lincoln</sup>, at which place I arrived  
about one o'clock. I found the scenery along the  
route somewhat dull and uninteresting; but I suppose  
the level route of the rail way, presents little that  
is picturesque or striking. Besides every rail way starts  
into new life old settlements, creates new industries  
and stimulates business to such an extent, that  
the old rural life of England gives way to modern  
village life, and so my glimpses of England as  
I travelled by rail, were of thriving factory villages  
or cities, busy canals, or coal mining settlements.

I saw but few pleasant farm houses, the most I  
did get a view of, were dull yellow buildings  
with an adjacent hayrick & a brick shed, for the  
cattle, and scarcely a tree to shade it.

I strolled from the Railway Station to the hill  
upon which stands the Cathedral, looking  
about for some retired Inn, at which I  
might find quarters for a few days, but I  
thought before entering London, I would get my  
clothes washed and get generally repaired.

Near the Cathedral, on a street called Motherly



hill, I saw a sign "room to let". It is a quiet tidy place and on making enquiries, I found it occupied by a young couple who would let me the room for a shilling a day, and they knew of some one who would attend to my clothes, so I engaged the room of Mrs Stanford & mostly St. Lincoln. After getting my valise to the home, I started for a tour of Lincoln.

I first visited the old Castle which is said to be one of the eight fortresses erected by William the Conqueror, in different parts of England. It has been the scene of many severe contests not only during the early English wars, but during the civil war between Charles the first and the parliamentary forces. The walls now enclose about six acres of land laid out as a garden. At or near the entrance by the Eastern Gate is a handsome oval window brought from John of Gaunt's palace and placed here for better preservation. In one part of the Castle grounds stands the Assize Courts, built in 1426, but the only points of interest are about the old walls, the Keep, the remains of the old Gateway and the Dungeon which bore on its walls some tracings made by early

prisoners. A very gentlemanly officer showed ~~us~~  
the party I entered with, about the place, and  
<sup>related</sup> ~~gave~~ as all the guides do, many an incident  
connected with the Carttis history. All of the  
party save myself were English, yet they seemed  
as interested in the antiquities as if they did  
not live in a country that was full of mediæval  
ruins. These Cathedral towns live largely on their  
antiquities. All of them are prolific with Guide  
books and their Guide books recount few modern  
incidents or tell of few modern structures. One  
morning I roamed beyond the Cathedral  
through an old Roman Arch a Gateway to what  
was once a part of the wall of the City. Through  
this old Gateway, Agricola, it is said marched  
with his Roman legions to conquer the northern  
<sup>(Caledonians)</sup> tribes, eighteen hundred years ago. It was the  
northern gate of the city of Eborac. Eighteen  
hundred years this old arch has stood here, a  
reminder of a once powerful people, and of a  
civilization which in some respects we have not  
yet equalled. More than fifty generations of  
men have passed through its portals and many



of them undoubtedly with scarce a thought of the wonderful people who reared it. Now these antiquities stir the feelings of a New Englander who at home thinks his present settlement of two hundred and fifty years a very old one.

At the earliest opportunity I visited Lincoln Cathedral and spent the larger part of a forenoon looking over it. I know nothing of architecture, but the magnitude and proportions of these Cathedrals surprise me. The long aisles, the high arches, the noble pillars, the lofty towers and niches the quaint as well as delicate ornamentation were a constant wonder and delight to me. I spent five days in Lincoln and every day I made a visit to the Cathedral, listened to its choir service and marvelled at the genius which devised and constructed this miracle of stone. I took my meals at a commercial Inn, on High St. - the principal st. of Lincoln - kept by Mr Geo Jennings, where I sat at the table with the family, which consisted of Mr J. his wife and three daughters, one of which assisted about the Inn, the other two were still school-girls, one attending the Art School. It was a pleasant social family, evidently in moderate



good circumstances, and consequently well contented  
and good natured. On market days, Tuesday  
and Friday, the Inn was crowded with patrons.  
I visited the Butter Market which is a building  
of stone, erected one hundred & fifty years ago, for  
its specific use. Most of the sellers were women  
who drove into town in small farm carts, and took  
their baskets of eggs, fowl, butter and vegetables inside  
the large hall where there were tables for them. I  
should think there were three hundred or more  
women all waiting for or serving customers. There  
was no separate room or division for butter but  
each woman had a variety of edibles in her basket  
or baskets, just what could have been grown on a  
small farm. It looked odd to me, the sight of  
these women transacting all this market business  
with no male supervisor. There were some early  
vegetables - greens, chard and a few roots, but I  
saw no such variety as I find at home. The  
apples, - of course they were the late ones, kept  
through the winter - were very small, but I was  
told they had a better flavor, than had our  
American Apples. I find all thro. England

(so far as I have been) the stores open about nine o'clock of a morning and none earlier. The man at whose house I roomed, told me, that some years ago a Lincoln merchant opened his store two hours or more earlier, than did his neighbors, and by so doing caught a good deal of custom, for the laboring men as they went to work, adding by this trick, quite a little sum to his possessions, but with all his advantages, no other dealer ~~attempted~~ followed his example. Some of the signs about Lincoln interested me. "Funerals furnished here" I don't suppose they supplied the corpse. "Lion & Snake Inn." not a very inviting sign. "Mary Smith. Carter. another Inn." "The Barley Mow." Still another "The Struggle" with a picture of a globe with a man getting through & these lines under - "Good people please to help me through this rugged globe." I read this advertisement in a Lincoln paper - & it was not an uncommon one. "Cook wanted" £18 a year. All found except been. A surgeons assistant told me that he got £200 a year Bank clerks got from £150 to £200 a year a Rail Road man, who worked on the road, told me he earned about 20 Shillings a week.



The young couple, of whom I hired my room, told me that they thought of going to America in June. The woman's father was an English farmer, & owned his farm. The hard times came & he leased his farm and hired another thinking it more profitable to work than his own. When the times perished, so at the solicitation of an old friend or relative who was settled in Iowa, he went with his wife and daughter last October to Winteret Iowa. Mrs Stanford (the woman of the house) said her sister's letters were full of the fine times she was having in her American home, and she wanted me to tell her of the place. When I said Iowa was about as far from Britain on the west, as Seneca was on the East she was surprised. Mrs I. said she went out to service at fifteen years of age, as did many of the farmer's daughters, that she got the first year 8 £ which sum was increased yearly till it reached 15 £. Mr I. was a house painter and paperer and earned 30 Shillings a week. Mrs Stanford said she had a married sister in Seneca, whose husband kept a little store, and as they were doing very well, they would not go



to America where all the rest of the family would soon be. I was curious to know what this English girl called ~~the~~ "well doing" so I asked her. Well, she said, they laid by <sup>Ten</sup> £10 a year say 50 dollars. I walked one day to Richolme Palace, two miles from Lincoln where is the Palace of the Bishop of Lincoln. The house was formerly a hunting box of the Chaplain family. Adjacent to the Palace I found a small and apparently modern Church. The surroundings were pleasant, but not diversified enough to please a New England boy, used to hills and mountains. On my walk back I met a group of young school children who were out for a ramble in the fields their parents ~~being~~ giving them a half holiday. They told me - for fun and flowers. They seemed of the poorer class, but were neatly and comfortably dressed but they were delighted with the prim roses and other early blossoms they had found. I overtook a couple of tramps, who had stopped by the wayside for rest. They were heading for London in search of work. I gave them ~~of~~ what I left of some lunch I had. They were neither ragged nor unclean in appearance and were gentlemanly in their replies to my questions.

1883.

Monday March 20 My forty seventh birth-day. This morning I left Lincoln for London. I was almost persuaded to remain a day longer in Lincoln and witness the races which were to come off to day, - and I wish now I had. It seemed to me, as if very boy and girl in L. had or were making books for the races. That is, little blank books in which to record their bets. I visited the racing grounds, and saw the hurdles that were to be used, as well as quite a number of the horses which were to run, but I was ignorant of the universal passion for witnessing races in Eng. & I should surely have remained to see the crowd etc. My ride to London was through manufacturing cities and villages. The country aspects were not particularly noticeable, the same level expanse of meadow land, the same dull yellow brick houses, and the same antique and solid village churches, gratifying my notion, that I had noticed in my ride from Chester, as the train bore me swiftly towards the great City. As I approached the Metropolis of the world, I began to see evidences of its proximity. Twenty, thirty, fifty miles away, the villages were more dense the country seats more expensive, and the



population more active. As I gradually neared the City I could see how its industries and its commerce, had encroached upon the surrounding territory, till at the last my ride was through almost contiguous cities. I reached the Station in London about noon, and found my friend's son, Mr Guild in waiting for me. We took a hansom (cab) immediately for his office 48 Paternoster Row. Here I was right under the shadow of St Pauls Cathedral with Ave Maria Lane, Creed Lane, Deacon Lane and Amen Corner right about me. I got a good lunch and then spent an hour in St Pauls looking at the monuments which are mostly of military heroes, and admiring the magnitude and beauty of the Cathedral itself. I was not so impressed with it, as I was with the Cathedrals at York & Lincoln, the severe simplicity of the interior of these old structures seemed more imposing to me, than did the elaborate symmetry of St Pauls. But this was an impression only, for my ignorance of architecture forbids any reason for my taste. In the evening I met Mr Guild, by appointment at the Lyceum Theatre where we saw Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, as Romeo and



I did. He purchased shilling tickets, and was admitted to the Pit, which I was surprised to find gave us a fine view of the Stage, at the same time we were near enough to hear readily every part of the Play. I was marvellously pleased with the performance, The scenery, the appointments and every detail of the Play so far as the Stage management was concerned was wonderfully complete, while the acting was of the best quality. In spite of the age and mannerism of Irving, his Romeo was a fascinating personation. It was a more natural Romeo than any I had hitherto seen. There was nothing overdone, ~~even~~ even in the most tender situation. The scenery was marvellous. Every scene was a perfect picture. I was exceedingly taken with the last scene where Romeo is in the tomb with Juliet. The dimly lighted vault, the long stairway down which is dragged the body of Tybalt, and the agony of Romeo, will not be soon forgotten. I had noticed when I entered Paternoster Row, an adjoining lane, called Ranges lane, in which was situated an Inn. Faultless Hotel, and not having time to seek for a boarding house, I had engaged a room here,

This place I sought after leaving the Lyceum Theatre, the Guide taking the cars in another direction I got turned about in the crowd and ~~misdirected~~ suspecting ~~it~~ enquiry of a Policeman the way to St Paul's. I was very kindly set aright, and had my first night's walk in the great London City, alone. It was with strange feelings, that I plodded down the strand, through Fleet St and over Ludgate Hill to my Hotel. It was through the business part of London and the sts, were comparatively quiet, but the Eric Palaces, the new shops were in full blast and their gorgeous splendor was well appreciated by the devotees of Bacchus. Panzer Alley where was Faulkners Inn, ~~by a gate~~ <sup>has</sup> ~~freely~~ a stone built into the wall of one of the houses, carved to represent a miter basket or pannier, with a boy on the top of it. Beneath it reads. "When you have sought the city round Yet still this is the highest ground."

Tuesday March 21. This morning I got on top of an Omnibus and rode to Baywater. Rode through Marlboro, High Marlboro, New Oxford and Oxford Sts, past Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Saw where Tyburn Gallows was erected, the place



made famous ~~for~~ by the execution of criminals, many of whom have become famous in history. As I walked back, I looked in the burial ground of St. George's, Marston Square, where I found the grave of Laurence Sterne. Some friend erected the stone to his memory. I strolled leisurely along back to my starting place St Pauls, going through what was once a part of the "rookery" of St Giles wherein was the Gin Lane and Beer St. which Hogarth drew from this neighbourhood. Here too was the locality called "Seven Dials". I looked into William Morris ("Earthly Paradise") store. Morris the Artist and Poet. His store is for the sale of ~~goods~~ goods of his own design - carpets rugs furniture etc.

It was a modest establishment occupying two floors. I called also at Madame Blount 25 Bedford Place for whom I had a parcel sent by Henry & Emma Smith. I found ~~it~~ there a good room which I engaged with breakfasts, for the remainder of my stay in London. The place was very central within sight of the British Museum, and the expense was reasonable 4 shillings for lodging & breakfast. 2 shillings more for



dinner which was at seven. On this day's travels I was impressed with the magnitude of London. I had ridden five or six miles from St. Pauls which might be called the centre of the city, and trade and traffic, was active the whole distance. No vacant spaces intervened between the houses - some of which were very stately and grand mansions, - except the public Parks which were kept open for the common use. Every foot of land was utilized. This evening I went to the famous Madame Tussauds wax-works where it is said every American is certain to go. Saw nothing remarkable, although the complete make up of the figures, the dresses etc, were perfect and elaborate as well as expensive in detail.

Wednesday March 22. Visited the National Gallery and spent a great part of the day there. Saw the originals of many famous engravings which I knew marked in a catalogue, against their titles many of the pictures which most interested me, but found it a bewildering and a weary task to roam from room to room and endeavor to get any impression

from these famous works of famous Masters. There  
was one large room devoted to Turner's water colors,  
and another room to his oil paintings. Of all his  
works I liked best one of his early ones, a "Fooly Morning".  
The Portraits I liked better than the other paintings  
as a general thing; I could appreciate the character  
and expression, manifest in these copies of men and  
women, better than I could the skill & beauty shown  
in the other works of art. I recall one by Hans Holbein,  
Christina, Princess of Denmark, a full length, whose face  
and figure were simple yet very attractive. There  
was "A Tailor" by Moroni, which fascinated me, and  
a youthful couple, painted by Van Eyck (500 ~~years~~ ago)  
was a marvel in color and quaintness. In the  
evening I went to Albert Hall and remained a  
short time listening to Berlioz's Faust, with  
Madame Roze as Margarita. I have no doubt  
it was a fine performance, but my lack of musical  
taste, made the concert unattractive to me, and after  
wandering about the Hall I returned to my  
lodgings. Albert Hall is an immense structure  
erected in 1868-71 circular in form and  
covered by a glass dome. It will seat 10,000 persons



Nearly opposite this Hall is the "Albert Memorial"  
a monument in honor of Queen Victoria's Consort and  
it is considered one of the finest in the world. It was  
designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. I spent an hour  
looking over it, before I entered Albert Hall.  
March 23. Wednesday. With Herbert Fry's "London in  
1870" in my hands, I roamed through some of the  
principal sts. of Old London, and noted the places  
made famous by the old writers & poets. I was much  
disappointed, inasmuch as the old Inns & Mansions  
once so famous are nearly if not quite all gone.  
Within the past thirty years the "march of  
improvement" has demolished these ancient  
landmarks and substituted therefore modern  
brick and stone structures. So one sees scarcely anything  
of the London of Washington Irving's day or even  
of Dickens' characteristic sketches. Only the Churches  
with their memorial Tombs remind me of  
London's ancient days.

March 24 Friday Went this morning to Westminster  
Abbey and saw its venerable relics, its costly and  
unique monuments and its historic walls. An old  
Verger conducted me through its various chapels, where



lie buried royal remains, some in rich architectural  
tombs, and some beneath simple stone slabs. I  
entered the Abbey through its main entrance and  
did not reach the Poets corner until I had made  
a partial tour of the Cathedral. But the venerable  
antiquity of the place impressed me quite as much  
as did the monuments raised to commemorate  
the merits of Englands most famous men. Here  
for certainly six hundred years, Kings and Queens  
have been crowned and have been buried.  
The pomp and splendor of the richest and the  
most civilized of the Earths Kingdoms, have  
assembled within these walls, to pay homage  
to royalty, to show their allegiance to some new  
Sovereign, or their sorrow at the death of some  
noble ruler. But on the site of even this  
old Abby, surrounded however, by other walls, a  
thousand years scarce covers the records placed  
herein, for there is an ancient monument to  
Sibert, King of the East Saxons, who died in <sup>a.d.</sup> 616.  
who it is said first built here a church. While  
King Harold and William the Conqueror and  
every succeeding Sovereign to the present day

have been crowned in Westminster Abbey. For more than a thousand years, this ground has been consecrated, hallowed with the remains of men and women who have made England the foremost Nation of the world. What other place on the whole surface of the Earth is so rich with more than royal dust, for not <sup>the dust of</sup> Kings and Queens alone enrich this shrine, but many of the benefactors of the world, the Inventors, the Philosophers, the Statesmen and the Philanthropists are here entombed, and make doubly sacred, the soil, which ~~was the~~ some of England's cruel and licentious rulers, might taint. As I walked along the western aisle, I thought of the gorgeous processions, which had once crowned these walls, - the elite of England, the foreign ambassadors, and noble representatives from every Court in Europe, all clad in splendor, assembled to witness some coronation. Here Anne Boleyn was crowned with all the splendor that Henry the eighth and the loyal citizens of London could bestow, but her royal dust was left upon Tower Hill, within a few yards of the place where she was beheaded. Here the stately



Elizabeth received the Crown and here her dust  
remains, and if one could recall as an eye-witness  
all the brilliant pageants which have been  
displayed within these walls, what a more than  
fairy tale could be relate. As I loitered  
along the North aisle looking at the various  
monuments, many of them to men long since  
forgotten, I noticed at my feet, a few words  
cut in the pavement upon which I was walking.  
"O Ran Ben Jonson" were the words and they  
rested above the remains of this famous English  
Poet, who I afterwards found had a memorial  
in the "Poets Corner". I soon reached the "Poets  
Corner" and here I found posted in a conspicuous  
place, Emersons lines ~~upon~~ beginning

O'er England's abbey's heads the sky  
As on its friends with equal eye  
and also an extract from Swinney's Essay upon Westminster  
Abbey. I found the monuments and memorials  
in this famous corner wonderfully suggestive.

Here were laid many of the men, who more  
than England's Kings and Queens have made  
England what she is, for without Chaucer



Shakespeare Milton Spenser Johnson Goldsmith Dryden  
etc. - is it possible to suppose that England's present  
intellectual greatness would have been reached.

These men not only in their day but ever since  
have had a powerful influence in moulding  
and directing England's thought and manners.

This little corner here holds the mortal remains  
of England's true worthies, and the place is sacred  
beyond all pious or saintly shrines, for civilization  
is the result of free and earnest thought, speech  
and deed, such thoughts and such deeds, as has  
made this little corner of a mighty manorhouse  
the shrine of all English speaking men and  
women. The tomb of Edmund the Confessor, with  
its reputed miracles and its gorgeous splendor  
and with its multitude of devotees provoked no  
desire for knowledge stimulated no intellectual  
ardor. It may <sup>have</sup> provoked a penitence that was  
momentary or have allayed a remorse that  
should have been lasting, but it inspired no  
earnest action save that of a bigoted devotee.

The memorials placed in this corner  
were many of them scarce more than a tablet

with an inscription, sometimes a bust and rarely a monument. Above Chaucer's tomb was a fine stained glass window representing scenes from his Canterbury Pilgrims. A memorial to Handel and one to the Duke of Argyll both by Ronbillac, now very striking and spirited. In one of the chapels is a singular monument by Ronbillac erected to the memory of J. G.

Nightingale and lady. The lady is represented as dying in the arms of her husband, while beneath creeping from a tomb Death is seen approaching and pointing his dart at the dying figure. It is wonderfully realistic and you almost watch to see the figure of Death advance.

Shakespeare who is buried at Stratford has quite an elegant monument in the "Corner" with an inscription from The Tempest. "The cloud-capped towers &c"

The most interesting and elaborate of all the Chapels is that of Henry the VII. and Henry who began to build this Chapel in 1502.

enjoined by his Will that none but those of the blood royal should be buried therein.

The nave of this Chapel is 103 ft long



and its entire width 53 ft. The entrance is through  
a curiously wrought brass gate. Every appointment  
and detail about this chapel is most elaborate  
and expensive. As we ~~enter this chapel~~ approach  
this Chapel we pass the tomb of Ed the Confessor  
and also that of Henry the Fifth - Old Falstaff  
companion in his young days - and above Henry's  
tomb is hung his standard & shield.

In the centre of Henry the VII Chapel stands his  
royal tomb, which contains the remains of  
Henry and Elizabeth his Queen. It is a magnificent  
piece of work, enclosed in a chantry of cast brass  
ornamented with statues. ~~Within~~ Upon the tomb  
are the effigies of the royal pair in their  
robes of state lying close to each other.

The work is by Torrigiano. Here in this Chapel  
is a monument to Mary Queen of Scots erected by  
her son James the 1<sup>st</sup>. She lies upon her tomb  
enveloped in stately garments, and not far from her  
is the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, whose royal hand  
signed Queen Mary's death warrant - a memorial  
consisting of a marble cradle with a baby carved  
therein is a tender tribute to Sophia the fourth



daughter of James the 1<sup>st</sup>. The Tablet says she  
lived <sup>but</sup> by three days.

William is buried in this chapel next to  
the tomb of Chas Montague, Lord Halifax -  
his intimate friend. In this chapel Cromwell  
and four of his family were once buried, but  
their remains were removed at the Restoration.

They were not good companions for Kings  
and Queens. - As I walked through the

various chapels and saw the numerous  
monuments a grateful nation or a loving  
family had reared, I was sorely struck  
with my ignorance for of many of the famous  
men whom the old Virgins praised, I had never  
heard. I noticed however that the warriors  
generally held the post of honor in the nation's  
regard and that a General's memory was  
perpetuated in white and a more stupendous  
marble than was a scholar's or a statesman's.

I could not help but be amused at the  
old Virgins clad in long ministerial robes,  
who readily took their fees, and very  
hurriedly took us from tomb to tomb.

mechanically repeating what for years they have daily almost hourly repeated to hundreds of tourists; and altho I was inclined to be a little disturbed at their lack of genial civility, yet when I reflected what a monotonous it must be to tell nearly a fifty times a day about Ed. the Confessor, weak Henry the Fifth etc, I wondered not at their civility - on the contrary I was the rather surprised at their courtesy.

The afternoon of this day I went to the House of Commons having previously obtained a pass at the office of the U.S. Minister Jas R Lowell. The pass said please admit Mr C F Fitz to the house of Commons & was signed J R Lowell Minister. I entered Parliament Buildings through the Hall of William Rufus. Westminster Hall the largest hall in the Kingdom whose roof is supported by pillars - This is the Hall which Macaulay says "has resounded with acclamations at the coronation of thirty Kings. The history of this Hall even more than the history of Westminster Abbey is the history of England itself. Built in the reign of William



the Second as an appendage to the Palace of Westminster it has been used for its size and convenience not only for royal ceremonies and festivities but for the discussion and deciding of those great questions in which the Crown as well as the people were concerned. Here were given the State banquets at the coronation of the Kings. As long ago as 1236 it is recorded that on New Year's day King Henry the III. feasted six thousand poor men women and children. Here the Champion of the King rode into the Hall and at the coronation banquet challenged any man to say aught against the King. But the trials which have been here conducted, represent far more the life and growth of the English people, than aught else pertaining to the old Hall. Here Sir Tho. More and Anne Boleyn were tried in Henry the Eighth's time. Here the favorite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex was tried. Here Wentworth the Earl of Chafford was condemned, and here



also was Charles the First tried and convicted,  
and here was held Warren Hastings trial which  
Macaulay has so brilliantly described. As I  
walked through this magnificent and famous  
old Hall, the ~~memories which~~ scenes, which  
the mind conjured up were almost overwhelming.  
I could fancy the barbaric splendour of  
the feasts of William Rufus. I could almost  
see the rude Barons of the middle ages and  
hear the coarse jest and the rough voices of  
those turbulent old fellows, many of whom  
thought themselves the equal of the King.  
Later on the voluptuous court of Chas the First  
Second held sway here, and the beauties  
of that famous Court, gay, reckless and  
merry, swept through <sup>this hall</sup> ~~the~~ in gorgeous  
dresses with train bearing pages, accompanied  
by Gallants whose names are but synonyms  
for all that is reckless and dissipated.

In this place Cromwell was made Protector  
of the Realm, and one walks with thoughtful  
steps through a Hall which has been the  
scene of so much that is historical.

at the farther end of the Hall I mounted a marble stairway which led me to another Hall, the entrance to the House of Lords and also the House of Commons. At the doorway leading from the lobby to the House of Commons I presented my card of admission. The door-keeper took it into the House and some member inscribed his initials upon it, whereupon I was ushered up a narrow stairway to the balcony around the Hall of Commons, the two forward rows of seats being reserved and part of them occupied by the members of the House, the body of the Hall being too small to accommodate a full house. I had a capital seat allotted me, facing directly the centre of the Hall and where I could easily see the larger part of the House and hear every speaker. The House meets at four (4) o'clock, at which time I was present.

The Speaker with his assistants - all of whom wore long gowns and wigs, sat at the end of a long table, upon the



other end of which lay the speakers' table, a formidable looking object, so far as size was concerned. Upon either side of the long table sat various members. At the right of the I saw John Bright, Mr Farwell, Mr Chamberlain, Gladstone and other members of the Government.

Upon the left on the Speaker sat the opposition to the Government, headed by Sir Stafford Northcote. The orders of the day contained a large number of questions, mostly relating to Irish affairs, which, as the Speaker called them, were answered by the members of the Government to whom they were directed. They were in print and every member knew beforehand of his task. Not until about six (4) o'clock did John Bright and Gladstone come into the Hall - when Mr Gladstone replied to a question concerning the Dover tunnel. ~~Then~~ Mr G. and other prominent members remained but a short time and then retired to the Lobby looking in occasionally during the night. Later on a Mr Ritchie, the member from Dover Hamlets, brought up the question concerning the tariffs, in force in



foreign countries, and the effect they have upon British trade, upon which he made a lengthy speech, in the course of which he disclaimed having any protective views, altho he was in favor of what has recently been called "fair trade" Mr Chamberlain, the Chairman of the Board of Trade, - a fine appearing, perhaps forty years of age, - replied in a spirited and earnest manner, with facts, ~~that~~ which seemed to me incontrovertible. In the course of the debate I heard Mr Farnright, Sir John Lubbock - the Banker and the Naturalist - Sir Chas Dilke, and others. The last speaker in favor of Mr Ritchie's motion, was Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the opposition, and his position - which he assumed was that of a free trader - was evidently taken to annoy the Government. He was not an eloquent, nor did it seem to me, a persuasive speaker. In fact most of the previous speakers, would hardly pass muster, in an American political assembly, not so much from a lack of good

sensible matter, as for their manner and voice.  
What they said was direct and forcible and  
appertained closely to the subject under debate.  
There was no "buncombe" as we say, nothing for  
ornament or show, and I have heard that  
the English distrust a really eloquent speaker,  
fearing that his manner is not matched by  
his matter. At one o'clock Gladstone arose,  
immediately after Northcote had sat down, and  
I was delighted with an opportunity to see and  
hear this wonderful man. He was quite tall  
and slender, with scanty grey or almost white  
locks, a keen eye and lithe nervous limbs.  
He stood at one side of the table with his  
hands upon it, and often rose upon his toes  
as he wished to give emphasis to some remark.  
He spoke without notes for about fifteen  
minutes. The speech was witty, keen and  
sensible and although it called forth no  
grand display of the old Victorian's abilities  
it was an earnest of what under a proper  
provocation and with a noble ~~and~~ subject, the  
great orator, could do. I can recall no



man in America who with which to compare  
Gladstone. Of course in the music of his voice  
and in his manner he is no match for  
Wendell Phillips but his intellectual powers  
seemed to me, better. I was sorry not to  
have Mr Bright who sat beside Gladstone  
and was the reverse of Mr G. in appearance,  
being a solid hearty looking John Bull  
in physique. Sir John Lubbock, who I  
heard early in the evening made a very  
clear and interesting speech. He looks very  
agreeable and pleasant. I should think  
he was quite good natured and affable  
although thorough in his convictions. The  
Irish members used every opportunity presented  
them this evening to press their grievances.  
~~Mr~~ Mrs Parnell was not present. Charles  
Bradlaugh's case came once before the house  
this evening in the shape of a petition  
from the Northampton electors, presented by  
Mr Labouchere, whose name I did catch  
at the moment, so failed to note him.  
It seemed to me that the Government



with all the various elements it was contending against, was fighting a severe if not a doubtful battle, and if the opposition had a splendid leader and were united in ~~one~~<sup>a</sup> purpose, other than the one to defeat the Government, it would be a sure defeat for Gladstone. But fortunately Gladstone's equal has not yet appeared in the ranks of the opposition.

I remained in the House from 4 P.M. Friday to 2. A.M. Saturday and was quite tired with my constant attendance, tho' the novelty of the scene, the famous men in view and in hearing kept my spirits well alert. I rode to my lodgings at Bedford Place, about 2. a.m. and slept long that morning to make up for my "midnight lark". The Hall where the Commons meet is a handsome one surrounded with galleries and finished in carved black walnut. It is lighted from a room above the ceiling, the ceiling being of stained and decorated glass, which transmits a mellow and subdued light upon the Hall beneath.

1882

Saturday March 25. I spent a part of this day in the British Museum, which is very near my lodgings. It is a bewildering treasure house, and one can only glance at the most famous of its treasures. Saw of course the famous Portland Vase which a lunatic once shattered with his cane.

It is a modest looking affair, and <sup>to</sup> one ignorant as I am of art, seems of little value. I suppose the infatuation which this little work of art produced in English communities provoked the ire of the madman who was such an iconoclast. The Books & Mss

in the Museum interested me <sup>even</sup> more than did the old Egyptian and Assyrian remains, many of these remains being huge ~~old~~ sculptures of both man & beast. In the Book department

I saw a copy of the Margarin Bible, one of if not the finest as well as the earliest of printed books. There were copies of old Caxton's publications each one of them worth an enormous sum, so rare are they. There were the old block letter books of use date even before Faust & Gutenberg, and there were MSS of Tasso, Milton Luther &c



Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, exquisitely written in his own hand, now in one of the glass cases and there were autographs innumerable of Kings & Queens of England as well as of famous men and women of all countries and all time.

The entrance fee to the Museum was only a nominal <sup>one</sup>, and on certain days free admission is given. The attendance was not large, but both sexes and all ages were represented. There were Art Students among others there, copying from some of the famous statues, young women as well as men.

1. Sunday March 26. Attended service at the Foundling Hospital this A.M. This Hospital was founded in 1739 by Thos. Coram, a retired Sea Captain. It was first opened in March 1740-41. The present building was erected in 1754. to receive poor children. At the first all that was necessary to gain <sup>an</sup> admission, was to ring a bell at the gate and to deposit the child in a basket which was placed there. The first day there were 117 brought in and during the first year 3700 were cared for. In less than



four years over 14000 were received and of  
these more than 10000 died. The mortality  
was fearful. Parliament which had previously  
helped the Institution here interfered, stopped  
indiscriminate admission and undertook the  
support of the survivors. Since 1760. only  
illegitimate <sup>children</sup> of mothers are received. There are two  
country houses connected with the Hospital  
where the youngest children are received and  
where they are transferred as they get older to  
London. Capt. Craun spent all his property upon  
this and kindred philanthropic efforts, and  
before his death was glad to receive public assistance.

When I reached the Hospital the children  
were at church where I found them arranged  
upon either side of the organ, the girls upon  
the left dressed with white caps, white  
neckchiefs and white aprons, and were all  
of them bare armed. The boys upon the  
other side were dressed in dark jackets and  
trousers and red vests, while the younger  
ones wore red belts. They all of them  
took part in the music, and were evidently

very well trained. There were about 500 in all the  
boys and the girls being about equal in numbers -  
After the service was over, - the church was well  
filled with regular attendants and strangers - The  
children repaired to their dining rooms, of which  
there were two, one for the boys and one for the girls - and the  
visitors who came to see them  
at their dinner. They were all  
supplied with the most substantial of food  
and it was eaten with relish as well as with  
decorum. I noticed two or three women in the  
boys hall busy at work at a side table, peeling  
potatoes for the growing hungry appetites. Meat  
potatoes bread and I think coffee comprised the  
food for this days dinner. I asked a woman  
how long a child could remain in the school.  
She said the boys were apprenticed at 14  
unless they were sickly and the girls at 16  
years of age. I went through the school  
rooms and looked ~~through~~ into the  
sleeping apartments. In this last, one  
large room contained a large sink or  
wash-stand and perhaps forty or fifty beds.



at a very comfortable distance from each other. The school room was bare and unimpressive compared with our New England rooms. but very little different from those I saw in Chester. The slates were set in the desks and the desks were like those of our country schools of fifty years ago. A few maps on the wall one or two scriptural pictures and a portable blackboard completed the appointments. In the official room upon the lower floor of the Hospital were some fine and rare portraits given by men and women of note, who had been interested in this charity. Handel gave the organ and frequently performed his Messiah upon it, raising 5000 dollars by a single performance. The score of the Messiah in Handel's own writing is seen in one of the rooms. Three of Hogarth's paintings - presented to Hogarth - a portrait of Capt. Coram, The March to Finchley, and Moors rough to Harrold's daughter, are a famous attraction. Missa Reynolds, Fuller & Bainborough are the institution paintings which are to be seen there - and Bay Hook



mounted the altar piece "Christ blessing little children". Sidney Smith was once a preacher in this Chapel and a letter from Chas Dickens is seen with other autographs in a glass case, signifying his withdrawal from the Church or Parish. There are scores of mementoes to be seen tokens left with the infants by their mothers in the early days of the Institution, quaint curious and many of them very pathetic. Some of them as simple as a heart cut out of paper with a word or two upon it - others as rings pence, bits of silver etc. The grounds about the place are spacious and afford a fine playground for the children, and after dinner I found them all out with their heads bare & the girls bare-armed as well, although the weather was raw and inclement, and I noticed as I walked from the Hospital, by the "Blue Coat School" that the boys were there at walk all bare-headed. This exposure undoubtedly inures the youth to a cooler temperature than ~~are~~ Americans are disposed to favor, and I am certain that

kept at

generally the English indoor temperature is  
quite a number of degrees lower than in  
America. In my walk this noon I

looked down Gray's Inn, where Lord Bacon  
died, passed Terminals Inn where Dickens  
began Pickwick, strolled into St. Sepulchre's  
Church where I found a memorial tablet to  
Capt John Smith of Pocahontas fame, just  
above the place where he lies buried.

Then I passed the Old Bailey and  
Newgate Prison where John Howard and  
Elizabeth Fry began their benevolent labor  
for the Prisoners welfare. Then I  
went up to Cock Lane, the scene of Johnsons  
Cock Lane ghost, and just beyond I found  
Smithfield where the old Martyrs John  
Roe and others were burned at the Stake.  
— in bloody Mary's reign. Here  
Bartholmew's Fair, — from St. Bartholomew a church  
of this name which stands near — was  
held from the time of Henry the 1<sup>st</sup> (1100)  
till 1753. a fair famous for its cruelty and  
its wonder shows and on Monday days



"the delight of idle apprentices and the horror  
of Puritanic aldermen". The old Church I  
sought out, but altho' I could see its tower  
I could find no entrance to it. I was sorry  
for I missed seeing some quaint and curious  
tombs and effigies and some fine and ancient  
architecture. Smithfield Market, occupying  
over thirty acres of land, now covers Smithfield,  
which is the great meat market of London -  
I strolled one day thro' its stalls and enclosures,  
and it except for size it compared unfavorably  
with our Sunday Market of Boston.

From Smithfield I hurried to Petticoat Lane  
the heart quarters of the Jews - passing on  
the way many a notable locality, altho'  
the old buildings have given place to  
new & more comfortable structures. Went  
into <sup>Beck</sup> St. where John Milton was  
born, saw what was once the location of  
the Mermaid Tavern, where Ben Jonson  
Ralph Shakespeare Beaumont & others used to  
meet. passed Bow Church, whose bells  
once provoked Dick Whittington's fancy,



went by the Mansion House, the residence of  
the Lord Mayor, looked up a narrow  
court-way - St Dunstons Lane - and saw the  
Banking house of the Rothschilds, and  
finally reached the Jews quarter. I found  
I should have visited it in the morning  
when traffic is the busiest, but as it was  
a portion of the Lane and bye ways <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~  
crowded with small stands stocked with  
innumerable and almost uncountable  
merchandise, food, raiment, bits of raiment,  
apparently utterly useless - hard ware, small  
wares, and such a variety of trash as I never  
saw before brought together for any value.  
I found one stand filled with cast-off  
buttons which the dealer scooped up with  
a broken pincer, as he sold them - another  
stand made a display of small bits of  
ribbons, and pieces of old silk linings, and  
another had bits of old iron, nails and  
screws chiefly and these were sold by  
the pincer. The bits of old clothes sold  
here, seemed of no value, save for the

rag-bag. The dirt and misery surrounding these scenes were appalling. On my return from Rag Fair, I stopped at a Cafe for a cup of tea, and a man who came in at the same moment I did, began with me a conversation - "Jumbo" the huge elephant at the Zoo-Gardens, which Barnum of America had bought, proved as he was about to leave England to be a great favorite with the English people, and the outcry against the sale was prodigious. This man who, conversed with me, said, he started all this excitement about Jumbo, by an article in the Telegraph and he began to dilate on his achievement in this line. When I told him that I was on my way to England, when this excitement began, he drifted into America, and asked me if Wisconsin was a good place for two of his cousins there two cousins, being very "rapid boys", who had just lost their all betting at the Longview races, where by the by, he <sup>said he</sup> had just lost 2000 pounds himself. He said he had owned and ridden Poulet - a famous race horse - but



was too lame to ride now. I doubted the truth of his stories as the man was somewhat the more full grown. He affirmed that he had bet for the last time a racer.

On my way to Bedford Place, I looked in to St Pauls and heard service. The large space beneath the dome was well filled and the attention during the singing was very good, but when the minister began the audience - a portion of them - took their leave. I noticed many young men and women present, some together but many more alone, and I wondered if it was now as in the olden time a resort for those who are in search of doubtful companions.

The interior of the Church looked finely lighted up, and the massive pillars and arches, impressed me more significantly than they did upon my first visit. Its solidity seemed <sup>almost</sup> impervious, but I remembered how the old Roman remains I had seen in York Minster & Chester, had fallen into decay & I thought St Pauls might one day



be as ruined and as forgotten as are the  
old Roman Temples whose relics are supposed  
to be seen in some of these old Roman remains.  
Monday March 27 I started for the Tower of  
London this morning and on my way thither I  
went through Billingsgate Market. The famous  
old Fish market of London, whose name has  
given a character and a term to the most of  
language. The market I found a fine modern  
one, of large proportions, but crowded as I passed  
through it, with buyers sellers and carters of Fish,  
as was also the street in front of it. The teams  
hand carts and basket women seemed crowded  
together in the greatest confusion, and it was  
with much difficulty I forced my way through  
the crowd. London Tower was not far  
distant and I was soon within the walls of  
the famous fortress, a history of which is a  
history of England, for from almost time  
immemorial have been imprisoned here, the  
men and the women whose deeds and whose  
thoughts have stimulated the growth of  
thought and of liberty in the English Nation

It is a very ancient prison house, this London  
Tower, none older in Europe, - it is said -  
save one, St. Angelo in Rome, and there is  
a tradition which dates its beginning from  
the days of Caesar -

Here Raleigh, Thos.  
More, the Earl of Shrofford, Bruce of Scotland  
Queen Elizabeth <sup>when imprisoned</sup> & others royal as well as unroyal,  
have been imprisoned, but the names of none  
of its prisoners excite our pity or do the  
name of Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey,  
while the two princes who were murdered  
at the instigation of their uncle Richard, have  
made the name and the renown of London  
Tower common to every boy and girl.

This old Tower consists of an irregular  
collection of buildings, situated upon an  
elevation called Tower hill. In truth there  
are quite a number of towers connected  
with the buildings for it was once a  
royal residence and a castle there-  
would more appropriately be its name -  
as I neared its entrance I found  
innumerable hawksters about, many of



Them with guide books of the Tower, some with penny pictures of the same. I bought a sovereign for a penny and within the gates purchased a more ambitious guide for a shilling. The old Beefeaters - as they are called, stood near each building or gate-way, and with their quaint costume - store pipe hats decorated with ribbons and blouse of party colors - make quite a picturesque appearance. Hare says the name beefeater, was probably derisory, beef being the commons of the early yeomen of the Guard when on duty, and beef being then a cheap article of food, for when in Henry the Eighth's time butchers were compelled by law to sell mutton at three farthings, beef was only half a penny.

There was quite a crowd of visitors at the Tower this day, it being a free or a holiday, and it was quite interesting to note the curiosity and interest of the common English men and women. I entered the Tower at what I think was called the Middle gate, adjoining which was the Lion Tower



wherein the Kings of England once kept  
their miser hearts; this was probably the  
beginning of the Zoological Gardens -  
Near this Tower we were shown the  
Traitors Gate, an Arch through which was a  
passage to the River Thames, and thro'  
this Gate, came Anne Boleyn, Sidney  
Rivers, More, Raleigh & others - I passed  
then through the Bynard Tower and  
into the Wakefield Tower where is kept  
the Regalia belonging to the Crown -  
The bloody Tower, where it is said the  
Princes were murdered was pointed out  
but we did not enter it. This Wakefield  
Tower has a fine vaulted roof and was  
once the prison home of Henry the sixth.

The centre of the chamber is occupied by  
a glass case containing the state regalia  
and crown plate and jewels, valued it  
is said at 3,000,000 of pounds. 15,000,000  
The Queens state Crown made in 1838 has  
in the centre of Cove of Diamonds the  
famous ruby given to the Black Prince

by Don Pedro of Castile in 1367 after the Battle  
of Navarre. I looked over the collection  
with little curiosity and saw nothing very  
unique or very curious, and I was told most  
of the jewels were of modern date. From this  
jewel room I went to the White Tower, and  
into the Hall called The Horse Armory. This  
hall is filled with a fine collection of old  
armor and ~~war~~ weapons of war. Some of the  
old armor suits belonged to famous persons.  
Here are effigies of Henry the eighth, the Earl  
of Leicester, Charles the 1<sup>st</sup> and others, sitting  
astride of life size figures of horses, and ~~all~~  
clothed in the armor suits, these very personages  
once wore. One can readily believe, that when  
once off their steeds, the helmeted and armor  
clad Knights could hardly walk with the  
immense weight they had to carry. There  
were also to be seen old cross-bows, and  
arrows, cross bows, that it seemed almost  
impossible to bend, old javelins, battle axes  
spears etc and many old Roman weapons.  
Here too I saw the instruments of torture

Thumb screws and bilboes are are which cut off  
the head of <sup>Earl of</sup> Essex and the block which was  
used at the execution of Lord Lovat. From  
this Hall I went to St John's Chapel (1075)  
called the most perfect Norman Chapel in  
England. It was here that Mary attended  
Mass at the death of her brother Edward VI.  
Adjoining this chapel was the ancient  
banqueting Hall now filled with weapons,  
mostly of not all of them muskets, and there  
were arranged upon the walls & stacked  
about in all manner of forms, giving the  
Hall a very unique appearance. The ~~upper~~  
floor of above the Hall, also used as an  
assembly room once the Council Chamber in  
which Richard the III abdicated in favor  
of Henry the IV. <sup>In this Hall</sup> The Protector, afterwards  
Richard III had a band of soldiers, rush  
in upon a Council, he was holding and  
drag Lord Hastings to the block in the  
green and hack off his head. All these  
pleasant stories you read in the Guide  
book as you roam through this Hall



From this Tower I went to the Beauchamp Tower  
named it is said from Thos. Beauchamp - who  
was imprisoned here in 1397 and executed for  
high treason. The room in the upper story of  
this Tower, is exceedingly interesting from the  
inscriptions which are cut into the walls, by  
the prisoners, many of them famous, who have  
been here confined. An old "Beefeater" sat  
behind a small table in the room and sold  
"a short sketch of Beauchamp Tower" which con-  
tained facsimiles of all the inscriptions. There  
was the autograph of the Earl of Arundel  
over the fire place, <sup>son of the Duke of Norfolk</sup> he who was beheaded in  
1572 ~~for~~ aspiring to marry Mary Queen of Scots.  
He was a staunch Catholic & for his religion & his  
friendship for Mary Queen of Scots was kept impris-  
oned for 1564 till his death in 1595. There  
was a sculpture by John Dudley Earl of Warwick  
who was imprisoned for his interest in  
Lady Jane Grey's fortunes or misfortunes. The  
word Jane is found on the wall, but this  
is supposed to have been cut by her husband  
Lord Guildford Dudley, who was imprisoned

here with his brothers. The Earl of Leicester - while Robert Dudley - has left his initials with the carving of an Oak tree. He too was imprisoned on account of Lady Jane Grey - Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham) who was sentenced to be burned for the doctrines of Wickliffe, and who was burned at Smithfield was once a prisoner in this room. Nepporth Dixon says that in the first draft of Shakespeare's Henry the Fourth, the mighty piece of flesh known as Sir John Falstaff was presented to a Blackfriars audience, under the name of Sir John Oldcastle. In the epilogue to the second part of Henry the Fourth it reads "Old castle died a martyr and this is not the man". Dixon says, "when the young poet came to London he found the play-writers using the name of Old castle, as synonymous with braggart, buffoon and clown and Butler says 'Sir John Oldcastle was the make sport in old plays for a clown'". This false Sir John was the creation of those monks and friars against whom the true Sir John had fought so valiantly. Those



Fairs composed our early plays, those Fairs conducted the early dumb shows, in many of which the first great heretic ever burned in England was a figure, and they naturally gifted him with all the vices & follies possible; and in the degraded form the name of old earth was handed down from Fair to Fair, and from Inn yard to Inn yard; (for these plays and shows were given mostly in Inn yards) until it took immortal shape on Shakespear's stage. S. Dixie says "that between the first production of Henry IV and the date of his printed Quarto, Shakespere changed his way of looking at the old heroes of English thought".

Almost opposite the Beauchamp Tower, is "the Green within the Tower", where it is said the grass has never consented to grow since the executions. Near the centre of this "Green" is placed a stone marking the spot where some of the most famous of the Tower prisoners suffered death. Here Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey, here Queen Catherine Howard and Lord Hastings were beheaded, and close by is St Peter's chapel where many illustrious



victims lie buried. The chapel was closed to visitors and I had to be content with a glance at its outside. It is very plain in appearance, and gave little token of being the Mausoleum of so much titled and royal blood. The sadness which this sepulchre and the adjacent spot of earth provoked was almost overwhelming and ever readily believe the stories of women crying over the thoughts which came to them as they visited this sad place. Here youth and beauty, culture nobility of thought and soul; here the grandest of England's men and women had suffered martyrdom to satisfy the lust or the ambition of base and crafty rulers. When I think of Lady Jane Grey scarcely eighteen years of age suffering death at the instigation of her kinswoman Queen Mary and that too for a deed which her parents and other near kindred, - all old and crafty designers, forced upon her, I am struck with the part the <sup>political</sup> ambition of men ~~manhood~~ has had in the destiny of mankind for the sake of a mere bauble, for only the name

of the thing (for the Crown has been a burden to every one who has worn it) men and women have plotted and deceived, and have murdered their nearest relatives and their dearest friends. This old Tower <sup>is</sup> ~~has~~ a sad witness to the cruel desires of the rulers and would be rulers of England. It is a witness however of a past regime; of a political experience England will never again suffer, for the ~~and~~ common people have so nearly become their own masters, that the position of a King or a Queen, is one merely of social distinction; having no right save the right of rank and no power beyond that which the people will.

This afternoon I took the steam car to Greenwich Hospital and visited its picture Gallery & Museum. The buildings - fine specimens of architecture - were designed by the three great architects Inigo Jones, Christopher Wren, & John Vanbrugh. The long corridors by Wren gave a remarkable effect to the buildings, and seeing them as I did at first, in all their length, I was struck with the aptness of that line, which tells of "looking down the corridors of time".



The Picture Gallery contains "The Battle of Trafalgar" by Turner, and many other large paintings; one room devoted to Lord Nelson's memory contains pictures of incidents in his life and portraits of the Admiral taken at various ages. In another building is displayed models of ships men of war etc, and I found under a glass case, the coat and uniform worn by Nelson when he received his death wound. The heroes most honored everywhere in England - and England is not exceptional in this respect - are various.

There are now no pensioners at Greenwich Hospital, the last of them having been granted a slight annuity (1849) enough to support them among their friends and relatives. This hospital was founded by William the Third at the instigation of his Queen, and stands upon the site of a palace, wherein Henry the VIII, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were born.

There is a Nautical School near to the Hospital buildings and I noticed a full rigged ship erected in the



Square fronting the school - I returned to London in the Horse Car, and entered the city over Blackfriars bridge, a name which came from a monastery of Black Friars founded here in 1276. It was near this Bridge that Richard Burbage built a play house, of which Shakespeare had a share, and where many of his works were performed - I left the Horse Car not far from St ~~Pauls~~ Pauls, and walked to my lodgings through Drury Lane, the place of the famous Theatre where so many distinguished Artists have performed, Nell Gwyn in 1666. Booth 1702. Mrs Siddons 1775. Garrick took leave of the stage here in 1776 - and Kemble Kean Macready and others have performed here.

Tuesday March 2<sup>d</sup> I went this morning to St. Pauls Cathedral again and ascended to the dome, visited the Whispering Gallery where I found an elderly man and his daughter, who climbed to the dome with me. The gentleman said his Grandfather was once Dean of St Pauls, that he himself was a minister, but that this was the first time he had ever climbed.

to the dome of St Pauls. The view over the city  
was fair though somewhat smoky. There was  
no fog and in fact since my arrival in London  
I had ~~encountered~~ met with none but fine  
weather. I got some little idea of the extent  
of this great city as I looked down upon it  
from this Cathedral. Almost as far as the  
eye could see it was one interminable congregation  
of houses, with here and there a massive  
Church Tower or Steeple. I could see the  
homes of more than 5,000,000 of people, more than  
twice the number of persons, than my State of  
Mass contains. As I descended to the ground  
floor I looked in at the Library where I saw  
a lot of huge and old volumes of Theology with  
a good collection of miscellaneous volumes. The  
room was spacious and comfortable and one or  
two gentlemen were at work writing. Roamed  
about the floor of the Cathedral looking  
again at the monuments, which seemed to  
me anything but remarkable. Wellington's  
monument ~~was~~ near the entrance to the  
Cathedral has a recumbent figure of



the Duke in bronze and I think it the ~~next~~  
best memorial in the Cathedral - But in truth  
the only interesting thing about St Pauls, is the  
building itself. Its magnitude, its proportions,  
its symmetry are wonderful. If one could get  
a fair view of the edifice unobscured by  
buildings, and with an ample space upon all  
sides, ~~it~~ <sup>the effect</sup> would be almost sublime. York Minster,  
shows to better advantage in this respect, than  
any other I have yet seen, altho' even York with  
its fine elevated site, might have a clearer  
space about it and show even better than it does.  
Place any one of the wonderful structures, in  
the centre of Boston Common and the space  
about it would be fairly proportionate.

This afternoon I visited and walked over  
London Bridge, the old London Bridge of famous  
Nursery rhyme was destroyed in 1832. and this is  
its successor. Of course this modern structure  
is remorselessly devoid of sentiment or interest.  
It is the London Bridge that was "broken down"  
the Bridge of Queen Elizabeth's day, that had  
houses upon either side "with gardens and



arbores" - so that "as fine as London Bridge" passed  
into a proverb, - the New England boy always  
wants to see. In those old days it was about  
400 feet long and forty feet wide and it was the  
only bridge across the Thames. Its history is  
a stirring one. It is said that even as late  
as one hundred years ago, "it was pretty regularly  
garnished with heads. In 1757. the houses  
were replaced by balustrades. Some famous  
men have lived on that Bridge. Hogarth I  
think did at one time. Near the Bridge  
is a monument built by Wren to com-  
-memorate the "Great Fire". It is 200 ft high  
and is surmounted by a cupola, to represent  
a flame. There used to be inscribed upon  
its base that a record that the fire was  
caused by a papist, - which was not true, so  
Pope wrote

Where London's column, pointing to the skies  
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies".  
On the south side of the Bridge I visited  
the Church of St. Saviour's. I meant to be  
very prudent in my fee to the old Virgin, and

so got a shilling charged to expenses, thinking  
a sixpence ~~was~~ would be an ample sum for a  
five minutes stroll through the Church; but  
when I rang the bell at an adjoining house  
for the sexton, he deputed his daughter to be  
my crierone, and I felt compelled out of  
courtesy to the sex, to double my intended fee -  
This old Church "St. Saviour's" was not  
burned by the "Great Fire" and it said to be  
only second in interest to Westminster Abbey.  
It dates from before the Conquest, but was  
rebuilt in 1400 and in 1402. John Gower  
the old English Poet, was buried here, and  
his tomb with his recumbent figure upon it,  
is seen near the entrance to the Church.  
He lies at full length dressed in the  
costume of his day, with his head reposing  
upon three of his works. Philip Massinger  
1634. John Fletcher 1625. and Edmund  
Spenser, brother of William - have slabs  
in the floor. John Bunyan, saddled to  
Queen Elizabeth has a quaint memorial in  
the wall. It is a half length figure

life size carved in wood and painted. Then there is an elaborate monument to Doctor Lockyer, who was a Quack pill maker of Chark's the second time. - a statue of himself, full sized recumbent and an epitaph which says that his pills will outlive him, and all the inscribed verses, and memorial which here perpetuate the memory of the renowned doctor. In this Church were tried the heretics during Bloody Mary's reign and there are memorial windows to six of the martyrs. John Rogers and John Bradford among them. It was in the vicinity of this old Church that Charles Dickens discovered Jane Weller, as Boots at the White Horse Inn, but the quaint old Inns that were intact, even in his day, have vanished. As I strolled along I saw in the window of a drapery shop a picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims, departing on their journey from the Tabard Inn and underneath the picture was written "This place was the



old Tobacco Inn". Here then stood the hostelry  
which Chance has made famous, but whether  
for good or for ill, modern life has displaced  
all the men and scenes of his day. It must be  
true that society is better than it then was, but  
I saw evidence enough even in the vicinity of  
this famous locality, to convince me that  
the misery of want and degradation, was more  
than abundant ~~here~~.

Wednesday March 29 I started with Mr Guild  
to again visit Rag Fair, hoping to find trade  
active; and to meet with many of the curious  
specimens of humanity which haunt the  
place. Found the "Old Clo's" Exchange, which  
Carlyle has graphically described. It consists of  
two or three large buildings devoted entirely  
to old clothes, the hucksters being all Jews.  
The place was rather barren of goods tho'  
there were two or three merchants about.  
One woman brought my custom with a tempting<sup>121</sup>  
display of second hand coats and vests and  
old neck ties etc. A few foreign sailors were  
being besieged by some women and a stray

few or two were sauntering about. It was  
evidently not a busy day at the Exchange.  
From this place I went into Bishopgate St.  
and soon came to the home of Sir Paul Pindar,  
who was a large money lender to James  
the 1<sup>st</sup> and the two Charles' 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup>. The  
interior of the house is elaborately decorated  
and with its overhanging oriel windows  
makes a very picturesque appearance. It  
reminded me of the Bishop's Palace House  
in old Chester. This afternoon I rode in  
the underground rail-road to the  
Crystal Palace and visited its wonders.  
The building itself is well worth the seeing while  
its contents are some of them wonderful as well  
as curious and instructive. There are a series  
of rooms fitted up, to resemble the old  
Egyptian Pompeian and Greek styles. The  
Alhambra Court a copy of the far famed Moorish  
architecture as well as the Medicean Courts  
with their contents are valuable to the  
student reader of to the artist for their  
new copies of many of the works of famous

Architects, Designers, Painters and Sculptors of all ages and withal an Art School connected with the building. The exhibition of Electric lights which had been and still was in exhibition in the evening drew quite a crowd of visitors, and they were all just such people as I had met at a similar display in Boston. Among the vast crowd there, I ~~was~~ saw no ~~of~~ ruffianism, nor drunkenness. I met a Blue Coat School boy, bare-headed as usual and I questioned him about his school and his bare head. He told me there were eleven hundred scholars in attendance at the school, two hundred of the younger boys being at Westford where there was a Blue Coat School for the youngest.

They entered the school at eight years of age and remained until they were sixteen. They used to wear small caps, but for the past seven years, they had gone bare headed and it was thought more healthy, he said. His head certainly was covered with a fine lot of hair and his face was the picture of health. He told me, that their Blue



coats, which were long skirted and lined with  
wool were exceedingly uncomfortable, as they were  
worn the year round and they were very hot  
in summer, while in their place, the skirts were  
a great annoyance. We were in hopes they would  
sometime change the style of them -

The varieties of Electric lights displayed were  
numerous and suggestive of a great change in  
our system of illumination. The aquariums were  
lit by a half a dozen or so of the incandescent  
lights, these enclosed in air tight globes, and  
these were sunk in the water, and the  
fish disputed themselves about the lights  
almost unconscious of their presence. I ~~was~~  
spent the evening till nearly nine o'clock  
wandering about the vast palace, and then  
returned as I came by the underground  
railroad.

March 30<sup>th</sup> Thursday. This morning I started  
for Windsor castle, and in going there passed  
through Putney famed for its Boat building,  
and boat racing, then through Twickenham,  
once the home of Pope, and in looking down

I saw a villa similar in appearance, <sup>to</sup> the pictures  
I had seen of Popes, - tho' his I read is destroyed -  
It is said Labouchere - the Editor & Proprietor of  
"Truth" a London Journal, - and a member of  
Parliament, has ~~been~~ erected upon the site of  
Popes old home, a new one, whether similar  
to the old one I know not. Then I rode  
through Datchet - made famous and immortal  
in Shakespeares Merry Wives of Windsor, and soon  
after reached Windsor, the scene of Falstaff's adventures,  
the home of Mrs Quickly, and where mine  
host of the Garter Inn entertained so royally.  
As I neared the city the royal castle came  
full in view, sitting upon a gradually sloping  
hill and surrounded by heavy stone walls,  
which were surmounted by the towers usual  
to all such old castles. Queen Victoria was  
at Mentone, and whether it was a special  
visiting or a holiday, there was quite a  
multitude of visitors to the Royal Palace.  
We were all furnished with passes at the  
proper entrance, <sup>signed</sup> by the Queens Secretary  
and there we were admitted into the



shown, which was once the residence of William Penn.  
While Stoke Pogies and Eton College both made  
famous by the Poet Gray were close at hand.

"Jondra" he said - pointing to the Thames, which was  
here only a slender stream "is the greatest river  
in the world." "I know you have got your  
Mississippi and I have been on your St Lawrence,  
but in spite of their magnitude I can prove to  
you that the Thames is the greatest. There  
is more shipping done on that river than  
upon any other river in the world."

Then he gave us some figures and as near  
as I can remember they were as follows -

There are 775 rooms in this castle and 1757 chimneys.  
but I think the chimneys too numerous for the  
rooms. The fellow was quite a genius in his  
way and evidently enjoyed his duties as a  
guide quite as much as did his patrons.

He next visited the Albert Memorial Chapel  
erected by the Queen upon the site of an  
old Chapel called the Wolsey Chapel. The  
walls and ceiling of this Memorial  
Chapel are richly and finely decorated.



The windows are of stained glass and the full length portraits in them represent the Ancestors of the Prince Consort. The walls beneath the windows are inlaid with marble work representing scriptural scenes while in the centre of the chapel is a cenotaph with a recumbent figure of the Prince in armor. This chapel is said to have the richest interior of any in the world. From this royal memorial we next enter St. George's Chapel, which stands upon or near the site of an older one. This St. George's was begun in 1474. In this chapel is the remarkable Cenotaph to the Princess Charlotte. She is seen lying upon her bier in a shroud - white at each corner is an attendant female figure in mourning. Then above, her spirit is seen ascending from a mausoleum supported by two angels one of which bears her infant child.

In the centre of the Choir, is the royal vault, where repose the remains of Henry the VIII, his Queen Jane Seymour, Charles the 1<sup>st</sup> and others. In this chapel the Queen has a private box where she can sit and listen

or take part in the decorations and just beneath  
this box is a fine monument of wrought iron,  
representing a pair of gates, between two embattled  
towers - said to be the workmanship of Quentin  
Matys, the famous blacksmith painter of ~~the~~  
Antwerp. They these gates - are exceedingly high  
graceful and beautiful.

From St. George's chapel I went to the Mews (stables)  
and saw the eighty ~~or~~ <sup>horses</sup> or more ~~horses~~ kept for  
the Queen's use. One of her old favorites, whose  
age had made useless, was given a comfortable  
stable and surroundings, and was tended in its  
old age with thoughtful care. In the riding  
school room which was a part of the Mews,  
and where all the Queen's children were  
taught horsemanship, we were shown the  
baby carriage of her Majesty's children, but  
they were not so comfortable as are the ones  
the ordinary babies of our day are treated in.

Royalty seems to have very comfort and  
convenience but not all its prodigal adjustment  
makes it to-day, in fact never made it -  
seemingly happy. The Castle itself



is quite a settlement covering thirty-two acres, and with its seven hundred and seventy-five rooms contains a household of nearly, if not quite as many inhabitants, while some of the servants live outside of its walls. The young man who showed me about the Museum, said that the oldest servants when they got married had the first chance which offered to reside within the walls. This finished my tour through Windsor Castle, and I soon found a bench at a restaurant a few rods from the Castle, but it was not at the Gate House.

I wandered about the quaint quiet place for a hour, looking into its bye-ways, and vainly seeking for slender, mistresses quickly and debstaff, but they were all modest and sober people that I met. A few Eton scholars with their tall hats and short jackets, going in or coming out of some of the pastry shops. I walked through Eton on my way to the car, crossing the Thames not far from the Castle, and stopped awhile at the college, roaming through the grounds and the church - In



The centre of the Square there was a statue  
in bronze of the founder of the sch. Henry VI.  
Looking into the Church I found a singular  
monument to one of the old Masters - I think  
of the sch. Upon the top of the Tomb, lay a  
recumbent figure of the deceased master - while  
beneath the tomb and near the floor was  
his skeleton carved in stone - I rec<sup>d</sup> <sup>the fact</sup> of  
having seen elsewhere a similar representation.  
At the lower end of the Church or Chapel  
there was being built a memorial to the  
Eton boys who had seen service in the  
Boer War.

Walpole, Fox, Canning, Hallam, Wellington, and  
Gray are the names of some of Eton's scholars -  
This school was founded in 1440 -

Friday March 31. I went this morning to the South Kensington Museum where I spent the day.

There were so many beautiful and artistic things to see, that I could get scarcely a glance at ~~many~~ <sup>some</sup> of them, ~~and some~~ while many more I overlooked entirely, but a three months sojourn in this Museum would be to little purpose unless accompanied by a competent guide.



Among the sculpture I saw nothing that pleased me as did some bas reliefs by Donatello. (1383-1466) His Christ in the Sepulchre supported by Angels seemed to me, the most natural representation of such a scene, that could be pictured. The mournful face of Christ, with the sorrowing Angels, had an earthly ~~reality~~ reality which generally none of such sculptured scenes possess. I am not much taken with scriptural illustrations, as generally the artists attempt to represent what they consider the divine elements in the scene is almost always strained and unnatural. But these faces of Donatello's were devoid of all beatific expressions, or divine halo's. The figures might have represented a dead brother with mourning


sisters, so human were they in their attitudes and expressions.

Among the painted enamel of Limoges, I noticed one by Pierre Raymont, which was wonderfully attractive. It was a group listening to St John and executed in 1543. The eager interested faces, were admirably done. It is called the listening group.

In wood and Ivory carving were many rare specimens. I looked in vain among the gold silver and brass work for something of Cellini's but could not find anything, altho. I was told there were specimens in the Museum.

In the <sup>Forster</sup> ~~Forster~~ collection - a collection given to the Museum by John Forster, were some rare manuscripts as well as paintings. Da Vinci's note book with sketches therein. 1452-1519

Vermeer's drawing of Keats. Stothards illustrations for Sterne. Maclellan's picture of "Captains Printing Office in the Almonry at Westminster &c. A note of Elandker to Forster ending "I hope to be at the  and  in time to

take a . The Mar of one of Dickens stones which I saw here was much craved and



interleaved. There were also seen letters from Dean Swift, ~~James~~ Goldsmith, Steele Addison Pope, Sam Johnson + a host of other literary celebrities. Some of or fine specimens of ancient book binding with stamped leather and gold finish showed what the workmen of two & three hundred years ago could do.

Among the paintings in the Museum, I noted Westalls Cottage door. Milkies Refusal, Laurence's Lady Carrington, Gainsborough's Queen Charlotte. Mulready's Seven Ages, John Burnetts Cattle in Landscape &c.

In Old Carriages, there was the Lord Chancellor of Ireland's State Carriage of 1780. a clumsy heavy vehicle, yet elaborately furnished with carvings and decorations as was the harness. Near these carriages I saw some <sup>elegant</sup> Roundels painted upon wood. In the glass department - which I hurried through as in fact I did every department, - I found some superb specimens of Venetian & Chinese work.

Saturday April 1. - I rode to Hammersmith this morning, to see a boat race between the Oxford and Cambridge crews. - but saw only an immense crowd. The streets of the village were completely filled by a motley crowd of old and young clean and dirty, ragged and tidy English Irish, and most all other nationalities. I managed to get a glimpse of the river, but the crowd was so dense and I was so far away from the shore, that it was only a speck of water I saw. The Omnibus's that were stationed within view of the river - and they had taken their positions early - were crowded with men and women, who were standing on the top, each having paid a shilling or two for the place. I got out of the crowd after an experience of ten or fifteen minutes and sought a lunch room. After getting some dinner I walked to Chiswick, where Hogarth used to live. Here I saw a sign upon a building "Umbrella Hospital" which I suppose was a repair shop for umbrellas. About a mile beyond Chiswick I took the cars for Hampton Court, and I rode through



Trickenhams again & then through Strawberry Hill, once the home of Horace Walpole and where he had his private printing press, and published elegant editions of his own works. I reached Hampton Court about five o'clock which gave me little time to look about the handsome grounds, and Palace made famous by Cardinal Wolsey, who laid out the <sup>original</sup> grounds, built the <sup>original</sup> Palace, and gave them to Henry the Eighth, a gift it is said made upon compulsion. The buildings cover nearly eight acres and is surrounded by a magnificent Park & Gardens. The view from the front windows down the long drive way is charming.

Here some of England's famous Kings and Queens lived and reigned. Edward the VI was born here.

Oliver Cromwell resided here awhile when Protector. Charles the first & Charles the second, James the first, William the third, Queen Anne, Geo 1<sup>st</sup> & Geo 2<sup>nd</sup> all used it as a Palace but since the last King it has been tenanted by only pensioners of the crown. When Wolsey resided here, it was said his revenues surpassed those of the King or any other Sovereign in Europe.

The gallery of Pictures here is famous, containing as it



does many of Holbeins. His portrait of Henry the VIII<sup>th</sup> among others - while there are also Van Dyck, da Vinci, Titians, Velasquez, Paul Veronese, Correggio's Guido's as well as some by Lawrence Gainsborough and other modern painters. It takes a long time even to glance at the thousand or more paintings which this Palace has upon its walls, and which are now seen free by all visitors. As you enter the rooms devoted to these paintings, you go from room to room, chambers once used as sleeping apartments by the blood royal - the very beds they used still standing in the rooms, while the walls are literally covered with works of art. In one room called King W<sup>m</sup> the Third's Bed room, are portraits of the beauties of Charles the First, painted by Sir Peter Lely; and the gay air, negligent dress, and bold expression of these Court Ladies were indicative of the character of the Merry monarch's reign. With a Guide book I looked through the Painting Galleries but could find only time to glance at even the best of them as at the National Gallery, the portraits interested me the most. Holbeins ranking in my

estimation superior to all others. I spent a few minutes in what is called the Cardinals Hall, tho' it is said the greater part of it was built by Henry the Eighth. My Guide book says that the Architectural Antiquary can stand in this Hall and identify almost every pendant, rebrace or corbel and spandrel with the very Architect who executed it over 300 years ago; as the bills or accounts for constructing this Hall have all been preserved.

It is a fine and imposing Hall one hundred or more feet in length forty ft wide and sixty ft high, and as I sat on one of the benches placed along the walls, I thought of the scenes which had once been enacted herein. There is an old legend, that Shakespere once acted before Queen Elizabeth in this very Hall, a part in his Drama of *Wobey's Fall*.

As I recall the pictures of the splendor and gaiety of Court life as told in story or history or pictured on canvas, and look about these memorable haunts to-day and see the almost prosaic life of the Courtiers of our time, I wonder if the old splendor was not a little exaggerated; if the trial and show did not carry with it a good deal of



labour of anxiety and of nearer men, and if the more earnest life of our time isn't even in the pleasure of performance more satisfying & agreeable. I returned to the train about seven o'clock, having delayed my visit to the Gardens, till it was too late to more than look into it. I wanted to see the famous grape vine planted in 1769, the largest in Europe, growing sometimes 2000 bunches of grapes, of a pound each in weight. The vine is a black Hambury and covers a space of 2200 square ft.

On my ~~way~~ train to London I had for companions some young men who were returning from the Boat race. It was a very good natured company and various members of it took a part in relieving the monotony of the ride by singing some very clever and sensible songs, none of which were either coarse or vulgar in their ~~sense~~ words or sentiment. Two young men who were in the car when I entered it, were I judged from their conversation Civil Engineers, the other six or eight who got in later were labourers or young joiners, and these last started the singing, some one giving a solo, which was responded to by another, when



one of the Engineers ~~was~~ signified his desire to give  
a song; the other young men gladly accepted his aid, &  
so the music was kept up all the way to London.  
I thought how differently such a company would have  
conducted in New England. When I reached  
London it was quite dark, and as I left the  
car I enquired of a young man the way to  
Bedford Place. He offered himself as a guide  
as he was going in that direction. He too had  
been to the Boat Race, - the first he had ever  
seen, and he did not think much of the day's  
adventures. He was somewhat of a stranger in  
London having been there but a few months, and  
he was in the employ of an American House, the  
Russell & Irvine Manufacturing Co. His home was  
in Dorsetshire, and so I asked if there were any old  
traditions there, concerning Sir John Fitz and what  
of the remains of the old mansion or grounds.

I found he had read Mrs Bray's story entitled  
"Sir John Fitz of Fitzfad" and knew only the  
traditions therein recorded. He thought he  
might get me the book, as a neighbor of his  
who kept a library had a copy which he thought  
he would sell.

conferor down to the present reign; also the  
sign or a part of the sign of the old Boar's  
Head Inn. Guildhall dates from 1411. but  
the old structure save the walls, was destroyed  
by the Great Fire. In this Hall has been held  
the Lord Mayors Banquets since 1501. and of  
late these Banquets have been attended by the  
Cabinet Ministers, whose speeches <sup>at</sup> ~~upon~~ these Banquets  
have been generally considered indicative of their  
official intentions. Among the famous persons  
who have been tried and convicted in this  
Hall were Lady Jane Grey and her husband,  
for this Hall has been the scene of many  
historical events. In two corners of the Hall  
stand the wooden images of Gog and Magog  
they represent two giants, mythological persons,  
whom Londoners have venerated from time  
immemorial, and these images used to be  
carried about the streets in all the City  
shows and pageants.

This afternoon I spent a hour or more  
in the National Gallery, where I again  
admired the old portraits by Holbein



Monomi and others. I looked for a few moments  
into a gallery of modern French paintings and  
then went to ~~the~~ Grosvenor Gallery, where was a  
collection of Watts' paintings. Saw his portraits of  
Tennyson, Browning, Tennyburne Morris, Burne Jones etc.

Tuesday April 4 - I went this morning into  
Soane's Museum, situated on the north side of  
Lincoln's Inn fields. Sir John Soane, who founded  
it, was an architect of some note about the  
year 1800. He built the Bank of England  
as well as some other public buildings. The  
house is crowded with curiosities, pictures, sculptures,  
Medal Books, as well as Archaeological remains.  
Hogarth's Rake's Progress, Turner's Van Tromp entering  
the Texel, and some of Reynolds & Carters paintings  
are there. Among the MSS. I saw Tasso's Jerusalem  
Delivered.

Mary, Henry, and Willie Patten arrived to-day  
and I met them at the station. Sent Mary  
and Willie in a cab, to Bedford Place, and  
Henry and myself walked there. After seeing  
Mary and Willie well settled, Henry and  
myself walked to St Pauls, and remained about



The famous streets in its ~~vicinity~~ vicinity.

I left Henry to attend the performance, of Bach's Passion Music, which was to be given this evening in St Pauls, and reached my quarters about eight o'clock.

Wednesday April 5 I went with Henry, Mary and Mollie to the National Gallery, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, Westminster Hall, The Royal Exchange etc. With Henry looked into some of the narrow and famous lanes of London. Found the "London Stone" the point from which all distances from London were measured. Went into St. Swithin's Lane, where are the Banking Rooms, of the Rothschilds. and later on, went to Cook's Excursion Office, and bought tickets for an excursion to Paris, via New Haven and Dieppe.

Thursday April 6. I left London this AM. with Henry Patten for Paris. The train left London Bridge Station at 7.30. ~~He~~ We got to the station in just barely time to eat a very poor breakfast, and drink some exceedingly poor coffee. As we rode out from

London, on the London Brighton and South Coast Railway, we passed through some of the most charming of English scenery. The trees were all in leaf and many, in bloom, the farmers had been for some weeks at work and the green grass and well tilled lands looked in perfect order. Newhaven is 56 miles from London and has a population of about 2500 inhabitants. Of course we saw nothing of the town, the cars taking us directly to the wharf where lay the steamer for Dieppe. We went on board of a

very inferior steamer - compared with an American passenger steamer - and soon found our way to the stern of the vessel where the second class passengers were assembled. I could see little if any difference between the accommodations for the two classes save the line which separated the forward from the after part of the steamer. The accommodations for both the first and second class passengers, were equally uncomfortable and untidy. This steamer usually runs at night, but this was a day excursion for Cook's passengers and there were many English



people going over to France to spend the  
few holidays which the Easter season gave  
them. The ride was of about five hours  
duration and was a charming one, the sun  
being clear and warm and the sea quiet  
as a lake. Even my companion Henry Patten  
who was sick during the whole of the Atlantic  
voyage enjoyed this channel without a  
~~suggestion~~ hint of sickness. He lay most of  
the time on some bits of canvas, sunning  
himself and listening to and watching a  
party of young French women and men who  
seemed exceedingly pleased to be on their way  
home. As we steamed alongside the  
wharf at Dieppe, then French girls and boys  
sang merrily to their countrymen whom they  
espied on shore, and both the Dieppe and  
the returning French seemed delighted at  
the meeting. At Dieppe I got my first  
view of a Norman or French Town and the  
broad brimmed and long coated Priests I saw  
on the wharf and in the streets, as our  
steam cars slowly rode through them



gave indications of a Catholic country. The houses  
too were different from those I had hitherto  
seen. The windows opened like doors all into  
the buildings while many of the houses were old  
and nearly all of the stone. Dieppe is  
a famous watering place but we stopped here  
only long enough to eat a hurried dinner and  
to get on board of our train for Rouen where  
we were to spend a day.

The rail ride  
through Normandy was charming. The trees  
were in leaf, the grass green and the farm  
women and farm men busily at work while  
the neatly thatched farm houses with their  
occupants and farm surroundings made me  
wish I had the time and the French language  
enough, to allow me to walk to Paris or to  
stroll through this part of France as to Goldsmith.

We reached Rouen before it was dark  
and roamed about the place looking for  
a neat and quiet looking inn. As we  
nearly the central part of the city, we saw  
a modest looking home, entitled Hotel de Square.  
We went in and were shown by the landlady

Some pleasant and comfortable rooms and ~~to~~  
engaged them for the night. As we had an  
hour or more at our disposal we roamed  
about the city. We stumbled upon more old  
Cathedral buildings, than one could imagine  
possible for Rome to need even in its days  
of priestly rule. One I have read there were  
thirty-six, but that must have been before  
the French Revolution. Some of the old shells  
~~of~~ of Cathedrals we found ~~used~~ used as  
stables or partitioned off, for a poor dwelling or  
a laundry. We saw but a few people in the  
streets during the evening and everything  
seemed quite very quiet for a city of over 100,000 inhabitants.

Friday April 7. This morning after getting  
a very comfortable and tidy breakfast we started  
out for a tour of the old city. Visited the Cathedral  
a part of which dates back to the 13<sup>th</sup> century. It  
is of vast proportions and elaborately decorated.  
It has among other tombs one of Richard Coeur  
de Lion whose heart is preserved in the Museum  
of this place. The Palace of Justice built upon  
three sides of a square we found to be a very handsome



In the Piazza Le Puelle is a small  
rather untidy looking square, the fountain of  
Joan of Arc. Its base is a fountain and in  
truth these fountains were numerous in Rouen, the  
city being supplied in this manner with water.  
I noticed early this morning girls tidily dressed  
and with Norman caps returning from the fountains  
with pails full of water. We looked into the  
Tower which is said to have been a part of  
the castle wherein Joan was imprisoned.

In the Museum of Antiquities, which had many  
early Roman remains, as well as Norman we  
spent an hour. Here is said to be the Heart of  
Richard Coeur de Lion but I did not see it.

We roamed through the narrow but clean streets  
of the oldest part of the city looked into  
several of the famous churches, St. Owen, among  
others, climbed a tall tower the only remains  
of an old church, where we had a fine view  
of the surrounding country, found in several  
places some old and elaborately carved house  
fronts, dating back three hundred years, looked  
into the flower market, where I saw some

come downy and thick



parries as large as my hand, walked through the picturesque st. called Rue de la Grosse Horloge, where we saw the odd, famous and very old Clock Gate House with its ancient clock and quaint carvings. Here we started to get a view of the interior but at the end on of which were refused admittance. After dinner we took a stroll to the heights above the city, where we had a charming view, and where we found our first private Catholic Shrine, which I suppose are not uncommon in Catholic countries. This one was very elaborate. Life size figures of the Apostles and of Christ were in separate buildings or temples, which were small just large enough to contain the figures, and these <sup>temples</sup> were built of small stones. But the most elaborate of all these shrines was the one containing a life size figure of the Virgin Mary, and which was covered with offerings and petitions to the good Mary for the souls of the departed or for the health of present friends.

These petitions and prayers were many of them written upon scraps of paper cut in the shape of a heart and pinned to the walls or to the cloth with which covered the walls. As we went back to the Hotel to get our trunks, we passed women as well as men hard at work in the open fields and streets. I saw two or three women trundling wheelbarrows and there were driving heavy carts and transporting packages as one fishwoman I met peddling fish had so shrill and startling a voice that I had to stop with amazement.

When we settled our bill at the Hotel, the card given us by the landlady said on it "English spoken here". I asked my companion Henry who could speak French very well, to explain

this notice, as we had not heard a word of English while at the Inn. Oh she said - in French - we speak it only in the summer time. I suppose when the pleasure travel begins they employ an English speaking servant. We took the Car for Paris about five, and in the Car with us was a young woman, who seeing

my guide book on the seat, pointed to it,  
as if she would like to take it. I handed it  
to her, and this was the preliminary to a  
conversation with Henry. ~~and~~ the next quite  
communication with him, when she found we  
were from America, said she had a brother  
in America - South Am. it proved to be - Told  
us that she was a Swiss girl and had been  
to Rouen to see a brother who was a manufacturer  
there and who had just been married.

The conversation was kept up all the way  
to Paris and was of great benefit to Henry  
who had never before had so good an  
opportunity to practice <sup>the</sup> French. He learned  
while at school. He arrived at Paris after  
dark but readily found the Hotel to  
which we were directed. The London and  
New York Hotel and which was located at  
13 + 15 Place de Harve very near our railroad  
station. The Hotel was full, but upon our  
showing a Cooks excursion ticket entitling  
us to the day's service there, the Landlord  
found us accommodations in a neighboring  
house where we had good rooms & good food.



He supped we remained a little about the st.  
of Paris, which we found full of <sup>new</sup> life and  
interest to us. They were brilliantly lighted  
and the broad side walks ~~was~~ before every  
Cafe were filled with tables and chairs, at  
which were seated men and women sipping  
wine and chatting. He found more patrons  
outside these Cafes than there were within,  
but the evening was mild and pleasant and  
I suppose this out of door sociability is one of  
the customs of the country. After a brief  
ramble we were tired enough to take to our  
bed.

Saturday April 8. This morning we started out  
for the grand Boulevard Champs Elysees, and  
here we saw what probably no other city in the  
world can show. Driveways surpassing in  
comfort and elegance anything we could even  
imagine. On the principal Drive, I should think  
eight teams could drive abreast then there  
was a row of trees on each side, and another  
drive upon both sides for equestrians, beside  
the walk, and a wide one at the end for

perpetrations. The walk was largely filled  
with chairs for the use of those who were  
willing to pay a couple of francs to the old  
man who tended them. We walked to  
the Triumphant Arch, erected to commemorate  
Napoleon's victories, and beyond to the Avenue  
du Bois de Boulogne, sat in the chairs which  
changed the walk, and as we watched the  
gay equipages drive by and the great concourse  
of men and women on foot and on horse,  
all out for pleasure, we wondered if there  
was any serious work done in this gay city.  
Later in the day we went to the Louvre  
and spent a half day looking at its  
multitude of pictures - an embarrassment of  
riches. The Rubens were displayed in one  
long saloon and covered nearly one side. His  
women were, all of them stout and fat German  
girls. There were pictures by Velasquez, Teniers,  
Dow, Rembrandt, Paul Potter, ~~Wormerman~~ ~~Flaxman~~  
<sup>and Lomax</sup> and other famous artists - but <sup>at</sup> which we  
had scarcely time to glance. <sup>Some of</sup> Raphael's &  
Muller seemed like old acquaintances, as

many had been the engravings made from them. Of the modern French Paintings I was much interested with a horseman by Regnault, and with the Death of Queen Elizabeth by De la Roche. But the Louvre had other attractions besides pictures and sculptures, altho, there were many statues that are famous. There was Bernini's *Albino's* famous *Nymphs* and the two prisoners by Mr. Angelo which were intended for the tomb of Julius II.

There was a naval Museum with models of famous men of war, and of the principal seaport towns of France; Altho, it would take months to get even a decent idea of the contents of this great Museum. In the evening I was so tired that I went early to bed, and gave up the idea of seeing Paris by gaslight.

Sunday April 9. After breakfast we started out for another tour of Paris. We went to the grand *Champs Elysees* again and watched the gay Parisians in team and on foot for a while and then took a tram way (horse)



and rode out as far as the endless Place  
the remains of the great international exhibition  
of 1876. We did not stop, we all to look  
about but rode back another route to the  
site of the old Bastille where is now the  
Colonne de la Liberté, a bronze column 160 ft  
high, surmounted by a gilt statue of Liberty.  
We then strolled about through various sts.  
saw a house labelled the house where  
Abelard and Heloise once lived, but as these  
monks lived more than seven hundred years  
ago we doubted the age of the house. It was  
probably in this quarter of the city where they  
did live when here in Paris, and I have  
read that it was not far from this  
spot that Dante resided when he visited  
Paris. This was the old part of the city -  
situated on an island, and we should  
have explored it more, but we were intent  
on going to the Church of Notre Dame -  
as we entered the Church we encountered a  
grand procession, headed by a Cardinal and  
Bishop, of monks or priests, and singing boys

who were marching through the outer aisles of the immense church, the boys and priests singing while the Chief officials were bestowing their blessings upon the crowded congregation. The chanting was charming and the benedictions bestowed by the Cardinal and the Bishops were profoundly and possibly salutary. I spent a couple of hours in this famous church looking at the various pictures and shrines therein, and then spent some time without its walls, looking at its quaint sculptures and its worn and weather stained walls. Dating from 1163 it has been a witness to many strange and wonderful events. On the walls of this church as upon every other church in Paris, were ~~was~~ painted the words Liberty Equality Fraternity.

In the afternoon we went to the Hôtel des Invalides the Chelsea Hospital of France. Here in ~~the D~~ beneath the Dome des Invalides - a part of the Chapel detached from the main building - is the tomb of the great Napoleon. We had but a little time before the doors were closed for the day, and a middle aged Frenchman took us in guide, and pointed out the



various memorial tombs - of course the Tomb of  
Napoleon was the one which interested me. An  
immense polished stone sarcophagus within the  
centre of the Chapel in what must be the  
basement of the building. From the floor  
upon which we entered the Chapel we looked  
down to the basement through a large circular  
hole which was surrounded by a marble  
railing. Within this space was the tomb  
of Napoleon and beneath the magnificent  
marble stone lay the Conqueror's remains.  
A flight of stairs took us to the base of  
the monument. About the Chapel were  
monuments erected to the memory of other  
members of the Bonaparte family. We  
remained here till the attendants began  
to close the doors and then roamed again  
through the grand boulevards. Was so  
tired after my day's tramp that at eight  
o'clock I went to bed.

Monday April 10. This morning seemed to  
be of grand holiday, so many numerous  
saw the people upon the streets - after -



brief ascent through some of the business streets we took an omnibus and rode to the back side of the woods of Boulogne and then walked back through the magnificent Park. The area of this grand Park is more than 2000 two thousand acres and one half of it is a forest. There are two fine ponds of water here, and the roads walks and lawns are kept in charming order. Every few hundred feet is a hydrant, to which is attached hose and the drive ways are constantly watered. The trees were nearly in full leaf, the grass was quite green, while the weather was like a New England June day. We visited the Jardin d'acclimation and watched the animals awhile and looked at the various trees & shrubs, but the people pleased me the most. I had read that there was no family life in France, no home, as we New Englanders consider a home. but the family groups I met in this grand Park, enjoying its various attractions father, mother & children, each party evidently a family group, disabused me of this idea. After our return from these woods we found

the Army Museum and looked over its remarkable collection of antiquities. The building itself is a part of a once famous old mansion of the and the ruins connected with it have a special interest. Our guide book said that it constituted the most interesting structure of its kind in existence. Its building was begun about 1480 & it was finished in 1505. It has been the abode of famous men among others James King of Scotland. Finally it came into the hands of M de Sommerard, who began here to form the present collection of antiquities. About 1830 the French Government bought it and it has since been open to the public. Here are saloons filled with ancient furniture curious carvings, rare statues, and paintings stained glass, tapestry, arms and armor of ancient date, books, minerals, and then, and other rare and curious relics of the feudal age. The bedstead of Madame Pompadour was odd & curious in its carving, and the cabinet with the door embellished with the story of Adam and the Eve, were also <sup>a</sup> regular specimens



of taste, surely not a very modest taste. He could glance but hurriedly at any of the unique and costly curiosities with which this Museum abounded, and my ignorance of the French language made many of the objects of little interest to me.

After leaving this Museum we visited several of the Churches of Paris. First we looked into La Madeleine, a church finished within this century, and one of the most magnificent of modern churches. It is over 300 ft in length & nearly 150 in breadth and its form and proportions are purely Grecian, a colonnade of 12 Corinthian columns surrounds it. It is said that Napoleon determined to dedicate the Madeleine as a Temple of Glory, to commemorate the achievements of the French Army, and to have on its columns, engraved the names of all those who had died in fighting their country's battles, but the disastrous events which ended Napoleon's career, frustrated his design. As we walked through its interior we saw quite a number of women attending the Conferences, the first we had seen in Paris. From this Church we went to St. Gulpice, where



we saw many paintings and a magnificent chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is adorned with the most gorgeous sculpture and gilding, and the marble statue of the Virgin with the infant stands in a recess lighted from above. We next went to the Pantheon formerly the church of St. Genevieve. It is said that Clovis at the solicitation of his Queen built the church which first stood where is now the Pantheon, and that after it had fallen in ruins, that Louis XV at the suggestion of Madame Pompadour built the present structure and that the cost of the building was defrayed by a lottery. Within the edifice is a gallery and colonnade, and it is told us, that the number of columns in the interior is 130 and in about the entire building there are 250. The vaulted ceilings are richly sculptured and are 80 ft from the pavement. The painting of the dome is by Gros who received 100000 francs for its execution and was created Baron by Louis X. The designs are historical and represent different epochs in the history of France with portraits of Louis XVI Marie Antoinette, Louis XVII

and Madame Elizabeth. He visited the basement  
where once about the remains of some of the  
most famous of Frenchmen, and where still  
remain memorials of them - Voltaire, Rousseau

The body of Marat was buried here, but was  
afterward thrown into a common sewer.

Mirabeau was also interred here, but his remains  
were also removed. The fat French Guide  
took us through a labyrinth of passage ways  
beneath the Church, to one particular spot  
where he gave a series of halloo, to show its  
wonderful echo. He kept the performance up  
along that it was tiresome. Later we visited  
the Zoological Gardens, but did ~~st~~ not think  
them equal to the London Gardens. On our  
way home we passed the Grand Opera house,  
a magnificent structure, but it was closed  
for the season, and we could not see its interior.

I told Henry if we could find some theatre  
where performance began early, I would  
remain out an hour or so to witness a  
French performance, but we found none  
which opened before eight and I was too  
tired to remain out <sup>much</sup> after that time.



1882

Tuesday April 11. This morning immediately after breakfast we took the car for Versailles. The Cook & cuisiniers generally rode out there in several large teams; but we were advised to take the car, as the time saved would be worth more to us in Versailles. He rode on the top of the car with a young Priest with whom Henry had quite a conversation. The distance was about eleven miles, and the time occupied in getting to the Versailles station about half an hour. We walked from the station to the Court - visiting the Grand and the Petit Trianon first, and afterwards walking to the Palace.

As we entered the woody enclosure and walked along the grassy way, three little girls approached us, to whom Henry spoke and they chattered back in their French patois, which was almost unintelligible to him. They took our hands and ran with us and seemed delighted to be thus noticed.

They told Henry their ages 6 - 8 - and 9 and said they went to school, but when he asked them to add three and four, they puzzled over the problem as if it was a hard <sup>one</sup>. He left with them some centimes when we bade them good



by and they returned to their work of picking up wood, with quite a little fortune for them.

The Grand Trianon is at the extremity of the Park of Versailles and we entered this before going to the Grand Palais & Gardens. This mansion was built by Louis XIV for Madame Maintenon, is one story high and has two wings united by a long gallery. We were shown through its various apartments and the guide told us in French, numerous historical anecdotes connected with this palace, as he pointed out the various rooms with their contents, all of which was lost on many of poor tourists.

It is said that this mansion was a favorite residence of Louis XIV Louis XV and Louis XVI as a retreat from the pomp and ceremony of Versailles.

Le Petit Trianon is at one extremity of the Garden of the Grand Trianon and was built for Mme. du Barry by Louis XV who inhabited it when he was taken with his last illness. In one of these palaces we were shown the state carriages and sleighs

which these famous French kings and their mistresses used to ride in. They were enormous with decorations but looked cheap beside our more modern vehicles.

We spent <sup>but</sup> little time in these two royal mansions, <sup>and</sup> hastened to the Sans Palace at Versailles. as we neared the building the famed statues, fountains and trees of the Garden ~~began~~ came nearer to view, and very soon we stood before the expensive and marvellous creation of Louis the XIV.

It is told us, that whole forests were transplanted, sewers were directed and aqueducts were made at so enormous an expense, that one wonders at the heavy tax laid upon the French for this one luxury alone. It is said that a hundred million of dollars would scarce cover the sum that was expended on this Palace and its environment from 1664 to 1690 a period less than 30 years.

The weather was a little cool for comfort, and our out door pleasure was <sup>therefore</sup> a little diminished by. For the trees were in leaf, many of them in



bloom, while the green of the grass made the  
view delightful. The famous fountains were  
not in play, but here they were in front of the  
Palace, surrounded with statues as in fact  
the whole Garden seemed to be peopled  
with them - We ascended terrace after terrace  
before we reached the grand court, and then entered  
the Palace. It is <sup>to day</sup> now used principally as a Museum  
and the people now enjoy what their ancestors were  
sorely taxed to create. The lower story contains  
the stables. But the rooms are so numerous and  
the distances so immense that we had to hurry  
through them all with scarce a look at their  
contents. Here were rooms filled with nothing  
but Battle scenes in which Napoleon was of course  
the Conqueror, for only French Victories would be  
recorded here. Here were portraits of Napoleon  
innumerable, in all positions and under all circumstances  
save those of defeat. Here were rooms with portraits  
and pictures by Le Brun and Kaufmann. Here  
were Horace Vernet's famous pieces, but it was  
little use to note any. We walked through  
gallery after gallery wondering when it would



all end but we wondered the more when we thought  
of the life which once flooded there halls. Of  
the French courtiers and ladies who once peopled  
these magnificent rooms, and made merry there  
wonderful gardens. The Court alone must have  
been a city in itself. <sup>hint of France Germany</sup> "We were pretty tired when  
we got a hack to carry us to the station, and not  
a little hungry, so we stopped at a Café and  
~~had~~ eat some bread + drank some wine and  
water to stay our stomachs till we got to Paris.  
I entreated Henry to get off with me at St Cloud and  
go to Paris in a river boat but he felt too weary and  
so I ~~ventured~~ made the venture alone. I asked  
Henry the road for river and when I got off the  
car, I pronounced to the Guard at the Gate, the  
French road for river and pointed in what I  
thought was the direction, and the assenting I  
plodded down the hill. I soon found I was  
in the right way and before long I reached  
the river bank. A sign board at a small  
pier indicated the wharf for the boats, and to a  
young man waiting near, I held my watch  
as if to engender the time the boat started. He

pointed to the figure five and this in a few minutes proved to be the correct time. The boat was a very small steam boat, a very ordinary one we never call it in New England - and it was pretty well filled with passengers, and yet there were less than forty in number - There was only a deck to the boat, no depth whatever, the engine being on deck - and in fact the size of the river Seine here would not permit float anything that would draw much more water than a raft. There were two or three English passengers on board. Two young girls who were coming with a young gentleman and I judged from their conversation they were art students. The banks of the river were not very attractive, and the landings at which we stopped presented rather a ruinous appearance, a few tumble down chaletts, which were generally liquor shops, and take it altogether the sail or boat ride from St Cloud was not much of a picnic excursion. I confess however that it was probably rather early in the season, and doubtless later on, the appointments along the shore, and the shore itself might look more picturesque. I



reached Paris in due time and was landed  
not far from the Tuileries, as I was too tired  
to roam about the city I went almost directly  
to my Hotel going by the Grand Opera House  
on the way, which is one of the finest buildings  
of its kind in Europe.

2 April Wednesday This morning I was awakened  
by the entrance of Claude Patten to my room. He  
with Mary his wife and Willie, arrived the night  
before from London, and came direct to our Hotel  
after breakfast we all rode out to the Boulogne  
woods in a Paris Hack, the driver of which wore an  
enormous shiny hat - looking as if it was enamelled -  
Had a charming ride. The Boulevards were full  
as usual of gayly dressed people and handsome  
liveries, and we got in line with the best of  
them and stared prodigiously at everything. After  
the drive I climbed the Grand Triumphant  
arch erected to the Great Napoleons honor. The  
view from the top was quite surprising. The  
height was so great, that the houses, teams and  
men, in the Boulevard looked like so many  
insects crawling about. In the afternoon I



went into the Bank of France and the famous Bourse - In this last building which will hold 2000 or more persons, there were at least fifteen hundred (it seemed to me) men screaming at the top of their voices, and in a manner that was perfectly frantic - I remained as long as I could bear the din, and then left them to their stock selling and stock buying - As I sauntered towards the Hotel I looked into several of the stores thinking to purchase some souvenir for the children, but the price of goods was so much higher here than in London that I contented myself with a few photographs of paintings I had seen in the Louvre - This was my last day in Paris, so I went early to my Hotel and made ready for my return to London - At ~~eight o'clock~~ ~~and fifty~~ about nine o'clock in the evening I took the Car for Dieppe leaving behind Henry Claude Mary & Nellie - I felt lonesome enough when I parted from them for my journey with them had been exceedingly happy. The ride in the Car was a tiresome one for it was too dark to see anything and I could make no

conversation with my fellow passengers, inasmuch  
as they could talk no English and I ~~could~~  
talk no French. I noted when I reached Rouen  
but all I could see of it was its railway station.  
When I arrived at Dieppe I was so exhausted  
that I immediately hunted up my berth  
which I found was the highest in the cabin  
and on the same level with another separated  
by only an inch or two of plank. Its appointments  
consisted of a single hair cloth pillow. I pulled  
off my boots placed my valise at my head  
and laid down with my overcoat over me.

3 April Thursday. I must have slept soundly all  
night for I heard nothing till daybreak when the  
waves dashing against the steamer surprised me,  
it was so calm when we left Dieppe. I went  
on deck and learned that the passage had  
been an exceedingly stormy one. Nearly all of  
the passengers had been sick, and one poor  
fellow I found, who was anxiously enquiring if  
any one ever died from seasickness. When we  
reached New Haven I took the car for  
Brighton, my excursion ticket including a



visit to that famed resort. The day was a  
rainy one and the outlook was not very inviting.  
I saw in the distance one or two old castles and  
rode through some pleasant valleys and farm  
districts. When I reached Brighton I purchased  
an umbrella and hunted up a Bathing house,  
where I found a tidy and comfortable porcelain  
bath tub with every other appointment equally  
new and all for a sixpence. After a good wash  
I took a stroll to the Aquarium which has been  
built and owes its success to Frank Buckland  
the famous Naturalist who not long since died.  
The glass cases containing the fish were lighted by  
electric lights and the fish seemed not in the  
least disturbed by the brilliancy of the flames. Of  
course there must have been no heat, or the water  
would have been made too warm. All the different  
species contained in each case was signified by a  
label attached to the case. The whole arrangement  
of the Aquarium was very picturesque and pleasing.  
There were ~~rockeries~~ rockeries and grottoes and  
rooms for refreshments and entertainments and  
lectures while without was a pleasant promenade.



I walked along the shore till the driving storm drove me to a more sheltered retreat. A street ran almost immediately along the foot of the coast, and the houses all of the brick were as thickly set as in the closest part of the city. It was a good time to watch the sea, for the rough wind and rain drove the waves madly. I remained about an hour in and about the Aquarium and then returned towards the railroad station. Stopped at a Temperance Hotel for a dinner and while waiting for my chop, a delicate and rather richly looking woman who sat opposite me at the table, and the only other occupant of the room, told me of her misfortune. She had come from London only the day before to obtain a clerk for her husband who is a civil engineer or architect in London, in which business she said she also worked with her husband. After engaging the clerk she stopped in a store to make a small purchase, and when she reached her hotel she had lost her pocketbook, and here she was with no money to telegraph London and had got to wait till a letter could

he sent and answered. I may have been duped  
by her story but I gave her a shilling to pay  
for her Telegraph - After dinner I took the  
train for London, ~~not~~ at somewhat disappointed  
with this famous watering place as a ~~watering~~  
summer resort is now not at all comparable  
with ~~these~~ sea shore resorts of New England. But  
I learn that the season at Brighton continues  
during the whole year. at one time the Jews  
resort there, at another time the nobility and  
so on till the year comes round again. I  
reached Madame Blauds early in the evening  
and went tired to bed.

4 April Friday This morning I strolled about London  
and made some purchases in Tottenham Court road -  
at Schockeds - a famous establishment in this street  
Visited again the National Gallery and admired  
once more some of the old Masters work. Two or  
three of which pleased me exceedingly one by  
Holbein - a full length portrait of Christina Princess  
of Denmark and a Seiler by Moroni, the same  
which attracted me on my first visit. This Princess of  
Denmark Henry the VIII wanted for a wife, but she



she declined to do so. Took a ride in the  
 horse cars to Victoria Park and walked about the  
 grounds for an hour or more. The day was not a  
 pleasant one, the wind was raw and chilly, and  
 the Park was rather deserted. The Park is well  
 laid out and must be a very pleasant resort in  
 favorable weather. I am more and more impressed  
 with the magnitude of London. Statisticians give the  
 area of London as 120 or more square miles, and  
 she has over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million of inhabitants and grows  
 with an increase of 40,000 inhabitants a year. Every  
 year a good sized city say like York, is added to  
 London's population. Will there not sometime  
 come an end to this increase in territory and  
 in numbers? I suppose as long as London can be  
 kept the financial and business centre of the  
 world she will increase with the growth of the  
 world, and as long as the little English Isle  
 will permit her growth. But what if some of  
 our American cities (N.Y. for instance) should  
 grow to be a vigorous rival for this business  
 supremacy. Then might be fulfilled Macaulay's  
 picture of some New Zealander standing upon the



ruins of London bridge - all this is neither improbable  
nor impossible for the proud cities of the Mediterranean  
which flourished so grandly during the middle ages  
are sunk to decay, while the Egyptian cities of  
two and three thousand years ago, present us with  
ruins, which London broken and destroyed as have  
been these Nile cities, could never show.

5 Saturday April 15. Bade Madame Vernon and  
family good bye this morning and took the car  
for Oxford <sup>after</sup> having sent the larger part of my  
baggage to Liverpool. As I rode through the  
suburbs of London and into the country I met with  
some charming English scenery. The farm labours were  
busy at work in the fields and meadows, which for  
more than a thousand years had been so  
thoroughly tilled, that not a stone could be seen,  
while the turf looked like a carpet. I rode  
through a part of Harrow and thought I saw  
in the distance the famous school, but no one  
was at hand to tell me if it was. As I  
nearly ~~at~~ Oxford I could see the towers of her  
collegiate buildings in the distance and  
very soon I was riding by some of their very

walls. It was past sunset when I rode into the station & I took only a stroll about the city of scholars, - it was vacation time - I noted however many of its quaint houses and old inns and its picturesque architecture, but the sts. were rather quiet and I soon grew tired enough to seek ~~and~~ a resting place so I put up at a Temperance Inn not far from Christ College -

16 April Sunday - set up early this morning and made a hurried tour of the Town <sup>from</sup> which was a very satisfactory one. Out of the thirty or more colleges here in Oxford I noted twenty seven - I think - looked into their gardens and enclosures and walked about their walls; - but it was vacation - the schools not opening till to-morrow - so I had no opportunity to visit their halls & chapels - I ~~never~~ look ~~at~~ particular notice of the Hall where studied Cardinal Newman & Percy where also Tom Hughes of Tom Brown notoriety was a scholar and my guide book told me that Sir Walter Raleigh was one of Ox's men. It is pleasantly located - thus colleges as are most of the institutions of learning in this city, and were first built 500 years



years ago was doubtless surrounded by open fields  
and woods, but the growth of the town ~~and~~ has  
with rare exceptions left few open spaces, on the  
principal st of Oxford. Magdalen College where  
~~Master~~ Masey Gibson Hampden & Addison were  
students had quite a garden attached and I  
took a pleasant stroll through what is called  
Addison's walk. Magdalen Town is of fine  
proportions, and quite a conspicuous ornament to the  
College. An old custom of the college and one my  
guide book suggests may be a relic of paganism  
- sun worship - is the May morning hymn - a  
Latin hymn being sung on the summit of Mag-  
dalen Town every first of May at five o'clock in the  
morning when hundreds of spectators are gathered  
below to see and hear this quaint performance -  
But it would be tiresome to enumerate all the colleges  
visited. I especially notice Balliol College where  
John Wicliff the early reformer was once a Master  
Newford College where Tyndale the martyr,  
and Old Kobbe the metaphysician were scholars -  
and Merlon College one of the oldest of all and  
where ~~as~~ Roger Bacon was once a student



All these colleges with a few exceptions have a very venerable appearance, though they nearly all certainly the older ones, <sup>have</sup> been rebuilt since their first foundations - I regretted exceedingly that I could not visit their ancient halls and libraries, especially those last, where there are so many rare and curious books. The Clarendon Press building, built it is said by the profits received from Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, recollect many a book, which used to bear this imprint upon its title pages - I think it is used for other purposes now.

This visit as I have said was very unsatisfactory, and yet it was not wholly a regret. For Oxford from almost time immemorial, it is said King Alfred founded a school here - has been the seat of & home of scholars. Some say that at one time there were thirty thousand students here -

~~Later~~ This afternoon I took the train for London as my finances I feared were rather small need some attention before I went to Liverpool

I reached London about six o'clock and went  
direct to Faulkner's Hotel in Pargy's Lane  
where I took a room. In the evening I went  
to service in St. Pauls, where I heard or tried to  
hear Canon Liddon a preacher and a minister, who has  
a reputation of being quite an orator. What I  
could hear of the discourse, was very scholarly and  
eloquent, but it was difficult to hear at the distance  
I was from the speaker to hear without the greatest  
effort, and I was too tired to give a devoted attention.  
As I was leaving the Cathedral I met in the  
pass a Boston man - Elbridge Toney - Carpet dealer -  
and once a scholar at Bridgewater Normal school.  
Of course our meeting was quite a surprise to both  
of us. I gave him Claude Patterson's address, whom  
he well knows & he is to call upon them -  
After I left St. Pauls I walked to St. Clement  
Danis Church and sat for a few moments in  
the seat once occupied by Dr. James Johnson - and  
was informed by a brass plate advertising this  
fact.



17 April Monday. Spent a good part of the day in Westminster Abbey looking again at the old memorials of England's worthies. The tombs of the illustrious Kings and Queens of England have a fascination for me beyond those of most others, in that they represent for almost a Thousand years, a blood royal about which the whole history of English Civilization centers - Not necessarily beneficent, if anything rarely so, not always even intelligent, but they rank the superior ones of Society about whom and for whom all the splendor that wealth can purchase or art create, has gathered - and so as I stood looking at Queen Elizabeth's tomb I could not but recall the splendors which attended her wonderful reign, the famous men who made her age one hardly ever to be surpassed. But near by <sup>was</sup> the sculptured statue of Mary Queen of Scots recumbent upon the monument erected to her memory, by her son James the 1<sup>st</sup>. She is the darling of history, the one whose fate is mourned over by youths and maids, and at sad fate, it was, despite the most plausible Newton's effort to make it a



just one. It is true the pomp and power of  
royalty was too often preserved by the destruction of  
kindred. With only the nobility possessed of political  
power the occupant of a ~~so~~ royal throne had  
to watch sharply that no rival claimant, often  
equal in blood - sowed dissension among the  
nobility. As political power became distributed  
among the people the power of the crown was  
diminished, but its security became enhanced,  
and if one valued life before all the pomp and  
dignities of royal power, it was a blessing when  
the common men and women of England grew in  
political strength - I lingered long in the

Past's corner reading anew the inscriptions to  
Chaucer Spenser, Dryden Shakespeare, Goldsmith &  
others. This corner is getting to be over-filled  
with its memorials, many of them mere inscriptions  
or busts, and the symmetry and harmony of this  
transept looks somewhat belittled with the many  
-uninteresting as works of art - memorials. A  
simple brass or a wall monument like Chaucer's,  
harmonizes well with the antique pile and  
the old Artificers understood the proprieties, better

than do our modern ones - I was interested  
in looking out on Isaac Jasanbois monument, the  
initials and date of old Isaac Walton. (I.W. 1658)  
who somewhere in his writings says he went into  
the Abbey to visit the tomb of his departed friend  
and while there scratched his initials and date  
thereon. I suppose if he had then been caught in  
the act he would have been reprimanded for  
the offence, while the man who to day would  
attempt to efface these initials would be more  
than reprimanded -

As I left the  
Abbey I looked into St. Margaret's Church, which  
almost adjoins the Abbey - and read the following  
inscription

"Within the Chancel of this Church was  
interred the body of the Great Sir Walter Raleigh,  
Kt. on the day he was beheaded in Old Palace  
York. Restituta Est. 29. Anno Domini 1618 -  
Reader.

Should you reflect on his errors  
Remember his many virtues  
And that he was a mortal "



Tuesday 18<sup>th</sup> April I spent the greater part of this day roaming about London streets and byways. In the afternoon I looked in at the auction room of Puttick & Simpson situated in Leicester Square. The building once belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds and the auction room was once his studio. The sale going on was the Sunderland Library sale, one portion of which library was sold some time ago.

The shelves about the room with old musty volumes three and four hundred years, and many of them of rare value. The buyers, perhaps forty or fifty in number were seated about an oval table and the books were passed around by boys for the inspection of the buyers. I recognized the famous publisher Quaritch as the Auctioneer loved a bid to him. I remained in the room about an hour, listening to the buying and looking over the books, which were to me of little interest, they consisting mainly of the ancient classics. The Auctioneer was selling the Cicero's, many of them rare and ancient editions, and while there I noted the following numbers in



the Catalogue bid up at the prices annexed -  
no 3019 - 90 pounds - no 3044 - 100 pounds -  
no 3045 - 90 pounds - Here was over fifteen hundred  
dollars given for three insignificant looking  
volumes, which on a book stall would not  
tempt a bid of a shilling from me -

Wednesday 19 April - I walked this morning  
about London again for an hour or so and  
then looked into St Pauls Cathedral once more.

These wonderful buildings have a strange  
fascination I suppose for every one coming from  
America, where the rapid growth of the country  
and its different ecclesiastic status, has made  
almost if not quite impossible such structures -  
and I thought as I looked around for probably  
the last time, I should never again see such  
a piece of architecture -

I went from this famous Church to the Great  
Hall of William Rufus again, and had  
a little talk with one of the officers stationed  
at the entrance to St Stephen's Hall. This day  
was the anniversary of Disraeli's death, and  
primrose, Disraeli's favorite flower it is said,

were very abundant. The conservative members of Parliament were decorated with them, and herts of the Citizens of London wore them in their button holes. This Officer at the entrance to Parliament Hall, was an ardent admirer of the dead Statesman - no one in there - pointing to the House of Lords - none his equal - he said - and then the Officer quoted quite a paragraph from one of the last speeches he heard Disraeli make and he did this with a charming ~~et~~ naivete, dropping his H's with that facility common to the English Cockney. In the evening I went to Charing Cross, to meet the train from Paris, expecting to meet Claude and family. I was interested in noting that there were officers in uniform taking down in books kept for the purpose, the number attached to, and the destination of every public carriage which drove out of the station.

The number was readily seen on the Carriage or Cab, and the Driver shouted out his destination as he drove by the officer. This practice, made the search for any missing passenger, more certain of success. The train arrived, but



I found no Claude among the arrivals. There  
were a host of sun burned arrivals, with baggage  
labelled with eastern names, and I found there  
travellers were just from India, having come thro-  
the Suez Canal and across the ~~African~~  
continent. Later in the evening I called at  
Madam Blum's where I found Claude and  
Mary had arrived from another station, one  
which left them a little nearer their destination  
than did Charing Cross. I borrowed forty dollars  
of Claude, as I feared my funds would scarcely  
hold out to reach home with, having had to  
remain a week longer in England than I  
intended and being obliged to take a steamer  
to New York instead of to Boston.

20 "April Thursday I left Faulkner's Hotel Payer  
Lane, so early this morning that scarce a traveller  
was seen on the streets. The train left Paddington  
Street Station a little after seven, and as I  
did not know how near I might find a  
hansom, I started in season for a long walk.  
As I crossed Holborn Viaduct I saw a  
cocking stand surrounded by men and boys



who were eating hot potatoes & rolls and drinking  
coffee. It was the early workman's lunch establish-  
ment and the proprietor seemed to be doing a  
thriving business. I soon found a Hansom and  
was in due season at the railroad station.

Here I got a lunch of coffee and bread and  
then took the car for Stratford on Avon.  
My companions in the car were two Englishmen,  
one I should judge a well-to-do farmer and his  
companion a jovial friend and neighbor, and both  
were returning home from some race where they  
had lost some money. One called the other  
Joey and they both were full of the preceding  
day's sport. They were typical Englishmen of  
the middle class, fond of good ale and  
brandy and the sports of the day. They changed  
took a branch train at a few stations beyond  
London and I missed their social and  
jovial gossip. Rode through Harrow and  
again through Oxford. At Leamington I would  
like to have spent a day, and at old Warwick  
I regretted that my time would not allow  
a visit to the Castle, which I could see from the

had me fondled and caressed here. I was  
whisked in to the home by a middle aged  
woman, and the first room I entered which  
opened directly into the st. was said to be  
the living room of the family in L day. Back  
of this room was the kitchen with its huge  
fire place, and the room a pair of stairs  
above, on the front floor was shown me as  
the birth place of the Poet. This was a small  
room bare of everything save an ordinary table,  
the walls ceiling and windows, so inscribed  
with the names of visitors that not a space  
large enough even for an initial letter was  
left. A scratch upon one of the panes of glass was  
shown me as ~~Walter~~ Walter Scott's name. Inscriptions  
upon the ceiling was pointed out as was also  
Washington Irving's. The ceiling was of common  
plaster and to keep it with its wealth of  
autographs from crumbling down, bars of hoop  
iron were stretched across and fastened through  
to the floor beams above. He asked the gentle  
woman who served as guide about the room  
above, and she stepping upon her stairs, and



looking up said, "standing here you can see  
all I have ever seen, and the trustees having  
this building in charge allow no one to go up  
there from a fear of starting, disturbing the  
ceiling of the room, you have just entered".  
In the room directly back of the birth-room,  
were some relics and a portrait of Shakespeare said  
to have been taken during his life, and discolored  
within several years. It looked to me, more natural  
than do the common presentations of S. face, with  
the inordinate high forehead. There was still  
another room which contained other Shakespearian  
relics. among which was the only letter directly  
addressed to S. which is known to exist, and it  
is from Richard Quincy Carter for a loan of  
thirty pounds. It stood upon a table in the  
room framed between two pieces of glass, so  
that both sides of the sheet could be read.  
There was also the old chair in which he  
used to sit when he visited a neighboring  
Inn or Tavern for an evening's gossip, and of  
course we were all allowed to sit in it.  
After leaving the room the guide said



showed in the garden attached to the house,  
which she and her sister who said had formerly  
planted with all those "posies" so fondly written  
of by Shakespeare, and she ran on with the names  
rosemary etc etc, but the new Trustees, thought  
last year they would have a modern garden, and  
so they laid it out in the fashionable style, and  
now no one cared to see it. Another season they  
should go back to the old plan. I lingered  
long about this famous place and was loth  
to leave it, but the young men were in a hurry  
and wanted to see the old Church, and I thought  
their guidance would be worth something, so I  
followed them. We strolled by the old school  
house, - it was vacant - and looked in at the  
window of the room where it is said I went  
to school. We passed the "New Place" where I  
once had a substantial house of his own, and saw  
a few remains of the old cellar, the house itself  
having been torn down by a later owner because  
of the innumerable visitors. The place now  
is owned by the S. Society and is kept tidy  
and in order. The foundation of the old

house is kept from further ruin by an iron railing  
& grating, while the garden is carefully fenced  
in. Soon we were at the church and as  
we walked through the long driveway in the  
yard, we found the sexton just rolling up a  
carpet which had been spread for a wedding  
party, and so we had just missed a rural  
English wedding. <sup>Lulu</sup> As we returned from the church  
we saw the modest cottage where the young  
couple and friends were feasting, and there  
was a crowd of friends besieging the door  
and surrounding the house. The old  
church was a square English structure, when  
built I know not, but there were there  
four statues of departed worthies, more  
ancient than the one famous for all time.  
But Shakespear's bust with the malediction  
as to the disturbing of his bones, made of  
little worth all the other relics of this church,  
and here they were, just as the pictures of the  
books had shown me from my earliest  
recollection. I lingered long about this  
hallowed place, where Shakespear

lived, but where his ~~body~~ <sup>spirit</sup> but had plenty  
time ~~with~~ <sup>in</sup> thinking he then ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> even late in  
life of the pilgrim ~~fact~~ <sup>one day</sup> that would make  
his sepulchre almost a shrine. ~~Perhaps it is~~  
~~not he could not forecast the years~~

I went next to the New Theatre which has  
been built in ~~the square~~, and in which one of  
Sh. plays is occasionally given. The Theatre  
is owned - I think by the S. Society - and as  
someone said, it is the only Theatre in the  
world where the pit is almost empty and  
the boxes crowded. The tickets to an  
entertainment are subscribed for beforehand and  
the gentry hereabout purchase rows but box  
seats, while the poorer classes, rarely patronize  
even the pit. The Theatre building is a  
very convenient one, and contains besides an  
auditorium, several rooms filled with books  
sketches, and portraits of famous actors, all  
relating more or less directly to Shakspeare.  
But this modern tribute to S. memory and  
genius, was nothing to compare with his  
old home to a devotee, and as I mentioned



another sight of the Henry St House, I hurried  
back to the old homestead paid another shilling  
and looked again over the old localities -  
stopping long enough in the room where it is  
said I was born to write a note to Abby -  
the young man (who with the two women live  
on and have charge of the place) kindly  
furnishing me paper and envelope. It was  
my last opportunity to see this renowned  
spot, and I left it with a regret that I  
had not earlier in my travel spent a week  
hereabout. About five o'clock I took the  
train for Liverpool. When we reached Birmingham,  
as I had a half hour to wait, I took a  
short walk about a portion of the city. I  
found it rather a dirty place grim and dingy  
with its famous manufactures - as I neared  
and <sup>as</sup> I left the city I noticed that I was  
in a coal region, and the landscape I  
found dreary and black. Every little while  
I would pass great patches and piles of  
coal dust or cinders, in the midst of which a  
tall black chimney would be seen.

at the old city of Shrewsbury I would liked to have stopped, but the train made no stay. A young English farmis boy got into my car here. He told me he was sixteen years old, was a groom for a farmer and had the charge of the farmis race horse. "Young Barnet" He had just come from the races at Much Wenlock where the horse had been beaten. This young fellow got <sup>for wages</sup> bed and washing, food and beer and ~~a~~ half a sovereign whenever the horse won a race. His father was a Gardener and had five children. The lad looked sad and despondent, his face showing thus early the bitterness provoked by a hard and a constant struggle for an existence.

My route now had struck into the northern part of Wales. Here was Chirk colliery region, Gefer Ruabon, Wrexham - where there had just been a colliery disturbance; and here I saw a sign "Obden Corn Mill"

I reached Liverpool at 9 o'clk. in the evening, and went to the Star and Garter Inn, the same Inn Claude and Mary Patten stopped at when in L.

Friday 21<sup>st</sup> April I slept late this morning and did not get down to Breakfast. I

nearly all the company had eaten. After Breakfast  
I started out for a look at Liverpool. Called  
on the Illinois correspondent where I spent a  
half an hour and from thence I went to Capt.  
Burtins where I found William Burtins sister.  
Was very kindly received here, the Captain  
offering me wine and other civilities. Miss  
Burtin has been in Liverpool over a year  
and never once out of the City; not even to old  
Chertū and is now about returning home.  
I thought it very unfortunate, that within  
so few hours ride of London, she had never  
had the opportunity to visit the "big city".

This afternoon I went to the Walker Gallery to  
see Dante Rossetti's famous picture, called  
Dante's dream, but Friday was cleaning day and  
the gallery was closed to visitors. I pleaded, to  
the Officer in charge, that as I was to sail for  
America to-morrow, I would never - unless he  
was gracious - have an opportunity of seeing  
the picture - so he suspended the regulation  
for my behalf, for which consideration I gave  
him a small contribution.



The picture I desired most to see was out of its frame  
preparatory to being photographed, and its position was  
not the most favorable for a good effect. It was  
rather a singular representation of maidens and  
flowers, and embodies Dante's Dream on the day  
of the death of Beatrice. The figures are drawn  
and painted after what I think is called the  
pre Raphaelite style - and the whole effect is  
very striking. I loitered through the other rooms  
of the Gallery in which I found some very good  
paintings as well as quite a number of young men  
and women at work copying. After I left the  
Gallery I went to George's Hall, but it was closed. After  
looking into several book stores I went to my Inn  
and to bed.

Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> April. After a late breakfast which I  
got at the railway station, I hunted up my baggage,  
which had been forwarded from London ten days ago,  
paid what I thought was an excessive charge - 7's -  
for its transportation (2 valises) and then took a  
hansom for the wharf near which lay the funeral  
steamer 'The Gallia' on which I was to return to Am.  
At the wharf I left my baggage, till I should

myself take ~~steamer~~ the boat for the steamer  
which lay in the middle of the river - as this  
would not be till near two o'clock, I spent  
a part of the time in looking over some of  
the Liverpool docks, and hunted up the Ins-  
to-where agent I met in Old Chertā, upon  
my arrival in England - but was disappointed in  
not finding him - he being absent in Wales -  
The time now was near the appointed hour  
for sailing, so I soon found my way again  
to the wharf and with my bag and baggage  
upon the tug boat was heading for the Gallia -  
Arrived at the Gallia, I found my state-room  
very <sup>comfortably</sup> pleasantly situated just at the rear of the  
Dining Saloon; and I also found I was to have  
only one other occupant, which fact I considered  
very fortunate inasmuch as the cabins all about me  
were by three and four passengers - At three o'clock  
the steamer ~~started~~ started - I saw only a few  
persons on the wharf to bid good bye to their  
friends who were sailing for America, and there  
were no floral offerings, as there were in N.Y.  
when I left in the Servia for England -

<sup>ten</sup>  
At dinner table I found a list of the passengers,  
- about 250 cabin men - among whom were Dukes  
Lords and Counts - quite a swell crowd as some one  
remarked. The day was stormy and misty and  
we could see little of anything from the Deck altho  
most of us remained there during the day. At  
night when I went to my stateroom, I found  
myself the sole occupant and I began to congratulate  
myself on the good fortune, for these staterooms  
or staterooms are small & inconvenient save to sleep  
in, but at Queenstown

Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> April, my room-mate presented himself;  
His name was Arthur and he was from N.Y. but  
was no relation to the President. He was about thirty  
years old, had been abroad several times, but I  
had a fancy that the sea was not a pleasure  
to him. He seemed just uncomfortable enough  
to remain quiet either in his berth or on deck,  
and he was not a constant attendant at the  
table. He was quite reticent, and was a striking  
contrast to the companions I had in coming to  
England. The morning was fair and clear  
and we had a delightful sail down the Irish



sea - reaching Queenstown about ten o'clock, where we  
were to spend four or five hours, while our steamer  
took on board 450 steerage passengers. Quite a number  
of passengers took advantage of this recess for a run  
on the shore. We found several wharves in sight  
which were literally covered with Irish men and women  
waiting to sail for America. The scene was an exciting  
one. The pathetic good bys and the tearful adieus  
of the Irish friends were quite touching. Two inspectors,  
- a man & woman - visited each steamer in port, and  
saw that the number of steerage passengers taken on  
board, were no larger than the law permitted, -  
(this was the health of the passengers). I learned that  
from the Gallia a dozen or more of the steerage were  
sent on shore. Near the wharf where I landed I  
chartered an Irish family car, with a young lad for  
driver - for an hour or two ride about the town -  
We haggled a little as to the price, but finally  
the lad accepted my offer. The young driver told  
me that Queenstown used to be called Cork Cove,  
but that after the Queen visited Ireland, and  
landed at this place, the name was changed to Q.  
- but - said he - "If any of the speakers at an Irish

meeting should call it Newtown, he would get  
a rope over the mouth" This lad got 6's a  
week for driving and taking care of his team. As  
I rode <sup>thru</sup> about the suburbs of the place I saw a  
lot of vacant ~~house~~ farm houses, and rather comfortable  
ones, <sup>too</sup> the land ~~to~~ looked fertile, but all had some-  
what of a deserted appearance, as if the tillers of  
the soil were away and in truth the "Irish troubles"  
of this and last year were sending many of the  
Irish to America. On my return to the settled part  
of the town I looked into a Methodist Chapel, where  
I found my neighbor at the Dining table, teaching a class  
of youths, and this teacher with perhaps a dozen other  
persons were the sole occupants of the room. I left  
this chapel soon, and climbed the hill to the  
Catholic Cathedral, and was met on the way by  
scores of boys and men, peddling penny lottery tickets,  
which were issued for the purpose of raising money to  
complete the Cathedral. This Cathedral is a fine  
large stone structure and from its position makes a  
very imposing sight. Its interior was crowded  
with attendants, probably many more than usual -  
on account of this part being the point from



which the emigrant leaves Ireland, but such specimens  
of humanity as I here saw crossing themselves and  
mumbling over their beads. A Roquis gallery never  
had such brutal countenances on exhibition as I met  
with here. I remained inside the Cathedral but a  
few minutes, the crowd was so dense and so sickening  
as I wandered back to the wharf, I met this cool  
April day with women bare footed and bare legged  
while the rags they wore made them very distressing  
looking objects. I boarded the steamer Gallia,  
again, about three o'clock and about four she steamed  
away from Queenstown. At the dinner table  
every seat was occupied. The weather and sea  
were charming and there had been no sickness to  
keep a single passenger from the meals. I made  
enough of an acquaintance with <sup>some of</sup> my companions at the  
table to learn their names. The Rev John Brown,  
Pastor of Bunyan Church Bedford sat opposite to me. He  
was an Orthodox or Congregational Preacher over a Baptist  
Church. This Society, I should say, was more Unitarian  
than were its brother Societies in America, and the Rev  
John Brown acknowledged this to be so. He also told  
me that one of his brother ministers, advised him,



that if he spoke in any Church in America, he <sup>was</sup> ~~be~~ careful of his utterances as Am. ministers hold more strictly to the Creed than do the English Divines. My left hand neighbor <sup>an Irish</sup> was from Leeds and was quite a believer in the Fabritian Army and their actions. He was a Merchant, and so far as I observed was an exception to the general Englishman, inasmuch as he partook neither of ale beer or stronger beverages, whereas his Cabin mate the Rev John Brown took his Scotch whiskey every evening. My right hand companion was a German from Frankfurt, who told me he had retired from business, within a few months, and had settled down with his wife (he had no children) in a pleasant suburban place near Frankfurt, but the quiet of an aimless life was so nearing to him, that he was on his way to America to find some light & agreeable business, for which he might act as agent in Frankfurt. He had been several times before to the U. S. when he had brothers, and he had also travelled in Africa, & he said the first trip he made in Africa, he met there an American gentleman <sup>with</sup> whom he had crossed the Atlantic.

a few years before. This German was a terrible  
Agnostic and it was interesting to listen to the conversation  
between him and my Salvation Army friend, on religious  
topics. One day he told us, that he was always  
sick and uncomfortable every sea voyage he made and  
he liked his food served more daintily than <sup>was</sup> the  
Custom of the Turku line - and upon the Star and  
German lines he heard that the cooking and service  
was better in this respect, and - he said to his  
Salvation friend - I should sail on one of those lines,  
if I believed in Providence - but you know I don't believe  
in Providence and so I take the safest boat.

The first night after leaving Luccaston was an <sup>exceedingly</sup>  
stormy one, as I learned the next morning, but I  
was so tired that I slept quietly through it all -  
When I went on deck Monday Apr 24 - it was raining  
and blowing severely and nothing could be seen  
through the thick atmosphere. At the breakfast  
table were a dozen of the two hundred fifty who  
sat there yesterday noon, were at their seats -  
My opposite neighbor the Rev John Brown, made his  
appearance, and said that his cabin mates were  
all "under the weather" and he had rather an



uncomfortable night but was all right now. I noticed however that after a few spoonfuls of porridge, he made a hasty exit from the saloon, with his napkin to his mouth. Towards evening he came out all right, but many of the passengers kept away from the Dining Saloon the whole voyage. My right hand neighbor Mr. Vickers sat solemn and miserable in a corner of the gangway or the smoking room, for four or five days and wished mournfully that he might go home by rail. It was a more stormy passage than was my trip over, and yet in spite of the ~~storm~~ almost continual unpleasant weather, I enjoyed every moment of the voyage. Almost every day the larger part of the passengers would be on deck a portion of the time, and all were more or less social and entertaining. There was a bright rosy looking young girl, I saw at the Piano several times who looked scarcely older than a school girl yet who I afterwards learned was a daughter of one of the New York Jeromes, and was a wife of Lord Pembroke, who was taking this voyage for his health. I saw him on deck but twice during the voyage and he looked quite feeble



Trunk's picture <sup>of Chamberlain</sup> is an excellent likeness - His appearance gave to me indications of a fast life in his youth, and his feeble health may be the penalty of youthful misdeeds. The Duke of Manchester was a fine looking man dignified, erect and sedate. It was reported that he was not well off financially and that he was on his way to America to look after some lands in Manitoba, for a company in which he was interested. His son Lord Mandeville, was a quiet pleasant appearing man of twenty five or thirty years, not over loaded with brains, but always at the card table and social with all who cared for his conversation. He had a bandaged hand and foot and an ugly scar on his face which he told us were gained by an encounter with some Irish discontents, on his place in Ireland. Lord Elphinstone who I think had seen service in India, was an active earnest appearing man, the type of a practical Englishman good natured, intellectual and quite talkative. There was a French Count Montauban and ~~last~~ wife on board, and the Count would come on deck in the early morning with immense ruffles attached to his shirt sleeves, looking for

all the world, as if he had not taken off his right  
dress which I dare say he had not.

Rev Mr McArthur, Master of the Grammar School at  
Birmingham was another passenger and he was on his  
way to Am. with one or two of his teachers to study  
our Educational Institutions. I had a game of chess  
with him, and then we had quite a number of  
talks together. He asked particularly about Emerson  
whom he was meaning to see. His friends - he told  
me - thought he looked like Emerson, and did  
I think so? There was the spare figure and  
the slightest suggestion to Emerson in the contour  
of the head, but not enough, I thought, to suggest  
a comparison. I was quite surprised to find  
two persons, beside myself on board of the Gallia,  
who were fellow passengers with me on the Tervia.  
Mr Lidey and Mr Lockwood. Mr Lidey was a Scotchman  
doing business in Montreal, and he told me of  
the surprise he gave his friends in Edinburgh,  
by making his appearance at a party on the same  
day of his arrival in Liverpool. There was also  
among the passengers a daughter of Motley, the  
Historian. I could see some resemblance to her father



in her figure and face. My friend the Rev John Brown counted her acquaintance as he also did of quite a number of the women.

I spent a portion of each day in the smoking room, occasionally playing checkers, and watching the men at their various games of chance. Cards were constantly in use and I saw not a game where there was not some money at stake. Then there were daily made two or three pools on the run of the <sup>steamer</sup> and this took every morning an hour or two to arrange. It was rather amusing to me, what had been taught to look upon all games of chance, as morally objectionable to see how universally the Englishmen participated in these games. Even the Rev Mr McArthur took a chance in one of the Pools. The run of our Steamer varied from 313 to 370 miles a day, and the run was posted every day a 12 o'clock in the <sup>evening</sup> ~~morning~~.

The weather was cold during most of the voyage cooler even than it was, when in March I crossed the Atlantic in the *Fervid*, and I was glad to me a blanket as well as an overcoat. On Friday April 28. we sighted some icebergs. At a long <sup>glimmering</sup> distance from the Steamer was seen a slight shining



Just up the water, which ~~was~~ we were told was floating ice - Later in the day, some of these shining objects came nearer to us, or we to them, and soon at a miles distance, the Capt. said - we could readily discern the form and shape of an iceberg, which my authority - the Capt. told me, must have been at least 150ft high and 500ft long. It looked as the sun shone upon it like a huge piece of chalk. Only  $\frac{1}{10}$  of its actual size appears above water. We could see the water rippling over a portion of its surface, which was near the top of the water, for a long distance. This same night the Capt. said they steamed passed quite a number of icebergs one of which was much larger than that I saw. As this ice was drifting from the North, and we could feel in the atmosphere about us, ~~the~~ ~~and~~ its cooling influence.

A few days since one of the Steerage passengers gave birth to a child which was christened in the dining saloon Alfred Gallia - Gallia - from the name of the Steamer - a Rev Mr Smith of Birmingham - a city missionary, I think of that City was the officiating clergyman.

A small fund was made up by some of the passengers, for the Mother, who it was told us, was on her way to meet her husband in Penn.

Upon ~~at~~ quite a number of occasions I looked in upon the quarters of the steerage passengers which I always found quite neat and tidy. The food furnished them was wholesome and bountiful, and I was told by one of the Stewards that the Irish emigrants were enormous eaters, some of the devouring forty potatoes at a meal. Notices were conspicuously posted in their quarters, that no intoxicating liquor would be sold there, but they could purchase all & when the Rev Mr Smith of Birmingham made himself quite officious among the steerage passengers, quite a number of whom he found were protestants and he held several meetings one of which I attended, but not to much profit. His services upon the Sunday we were at sea, provoked the Catholic portion, to call upon a priest <sup>and</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> a Catholic passenger, to perform a service for them, and so for a half an hour, there were several hundred of men women and children, kneeling on deck

counting their beads and crossing themselves, while the priest was repeating paternosters, or some other such ceremony.

As we neared the American coast, we saw far beyond us, a faint puff of smoke, which we almost constantly noticed, as we gradually gained upon it. Twenty four hours after its first appearance we passed it. It was a White Star Line Steamer, which left Queenstown before we did. When we reached New York Harbor - which was in the night - the tide was low, and the Gallia could not cross the bar - so we had to anchor outside. Early the next morning we were on deck, and behold the steamer we had passed the day before was ahead of us, having been able to cross the bar. It was a charming morning as we drew near Statue Island and the foliage of the trees and the clean green fields of the island looked magnificently. I was exceedingly glad to have my English acquaintances get so fair and handsome a view of America, for the first one, for I had not seen in all my travels anything that



looked so charming as did the hills and villas  
of Staten Island, and this new view not ~~not~~  
enhanced by the fact that Am. was my home.  
The coast of Ireland as I heard it showed no  
~~such~~ such attractions, England about the Mersey  
had no such views to offer and New Haven  
and Dieppe all ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> about thereabout were devoid  
of beauty like N.Y. Harbor. After breakfast the  
Custom house officials came on board and re-  
formed in line, and passed into the Saloon,  
where we in turn filled out a blank, with a  
statement as to our baggage, and then passed  
ashore as quick as we could, had our "traps"  
opened and examined and marked, and then  
separated, each for his or her destined location.  
This was Tuesday morning May 2 1881.

























































































































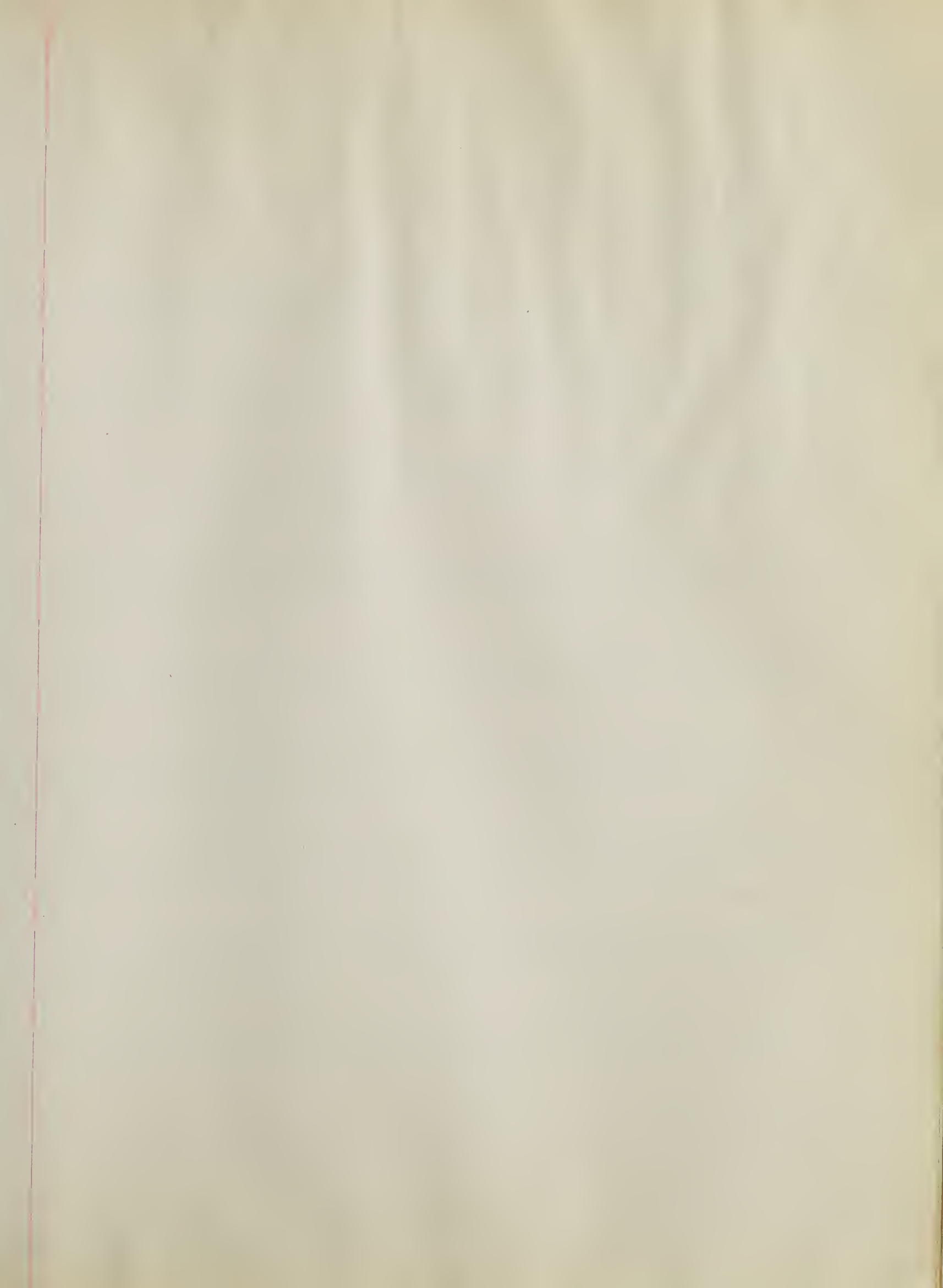






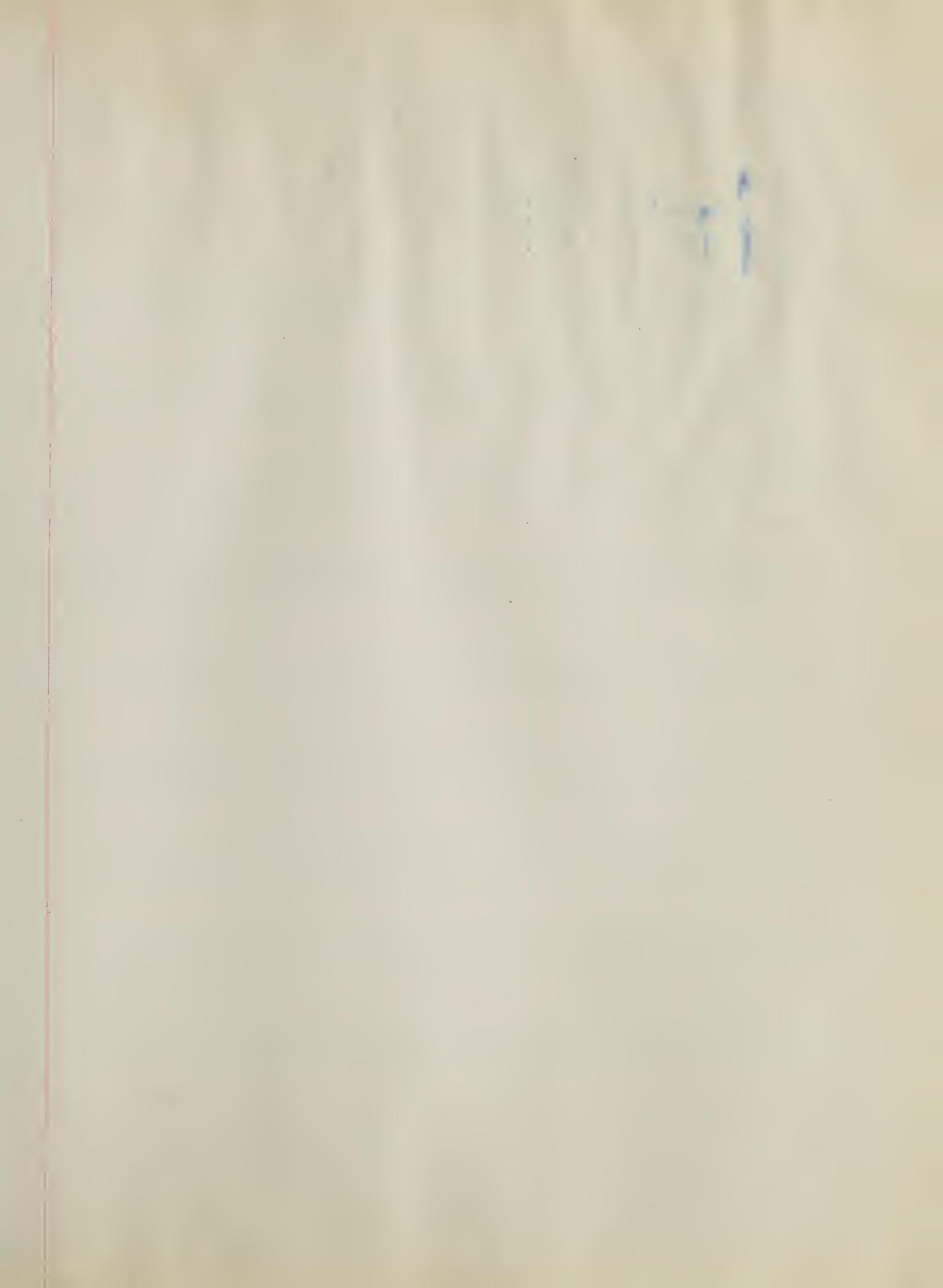
















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